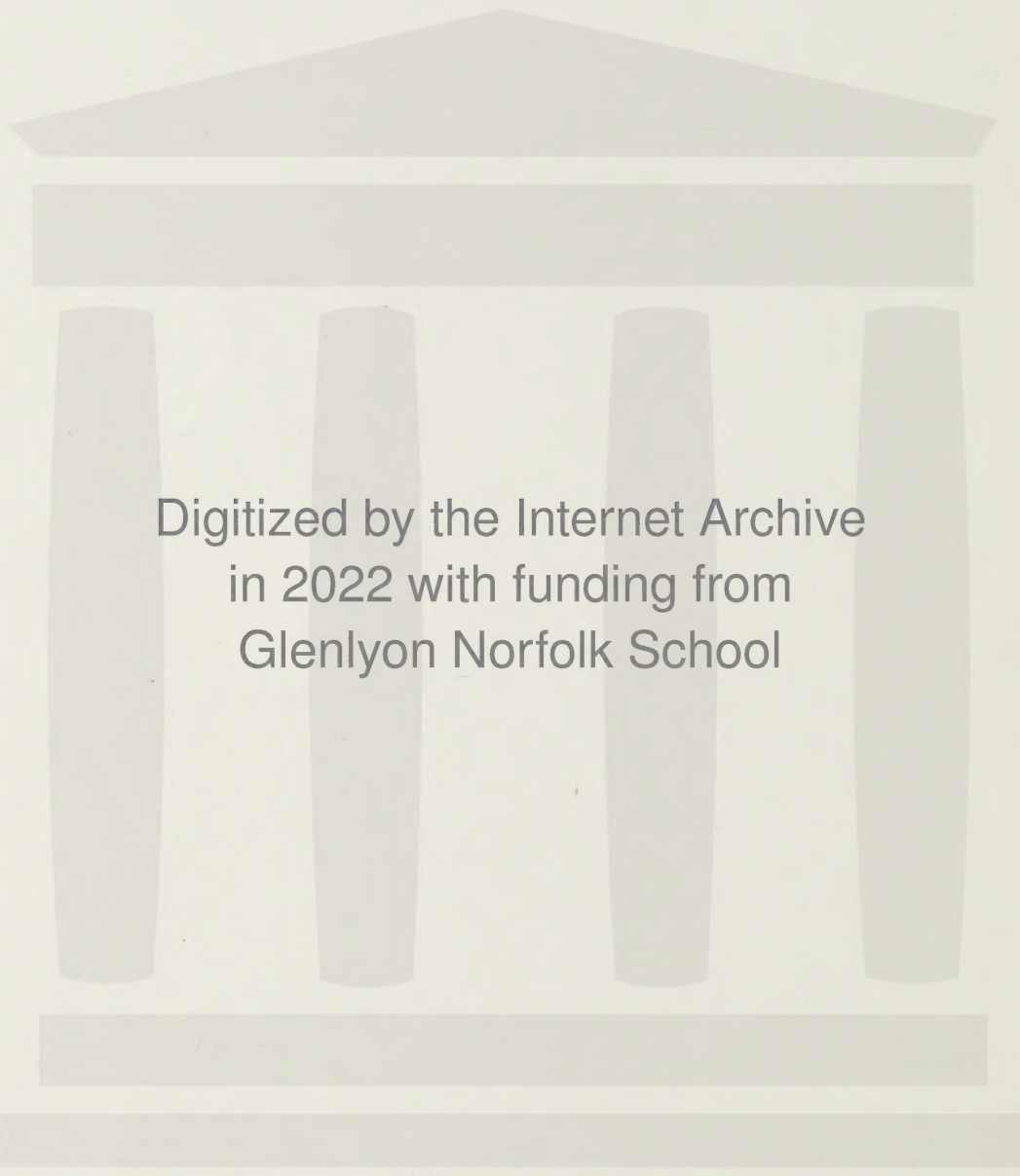




1963-64



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Glenlyon Norfolk School

Norfolk House School

1963-1964

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Singing: Miss Gladys Percy

School Secretary: Mrs. M. F. Perrott

Matron: Mrs. B. J. Bregg

Assistant Matron: Mrs. J. R. Wilson

SCHOOL PREFECTS

Head Girl: Tricia Dunn

Games Captain: Patty Mearns

Robin Abbiss

Susan Alexander

Heather Atkinson

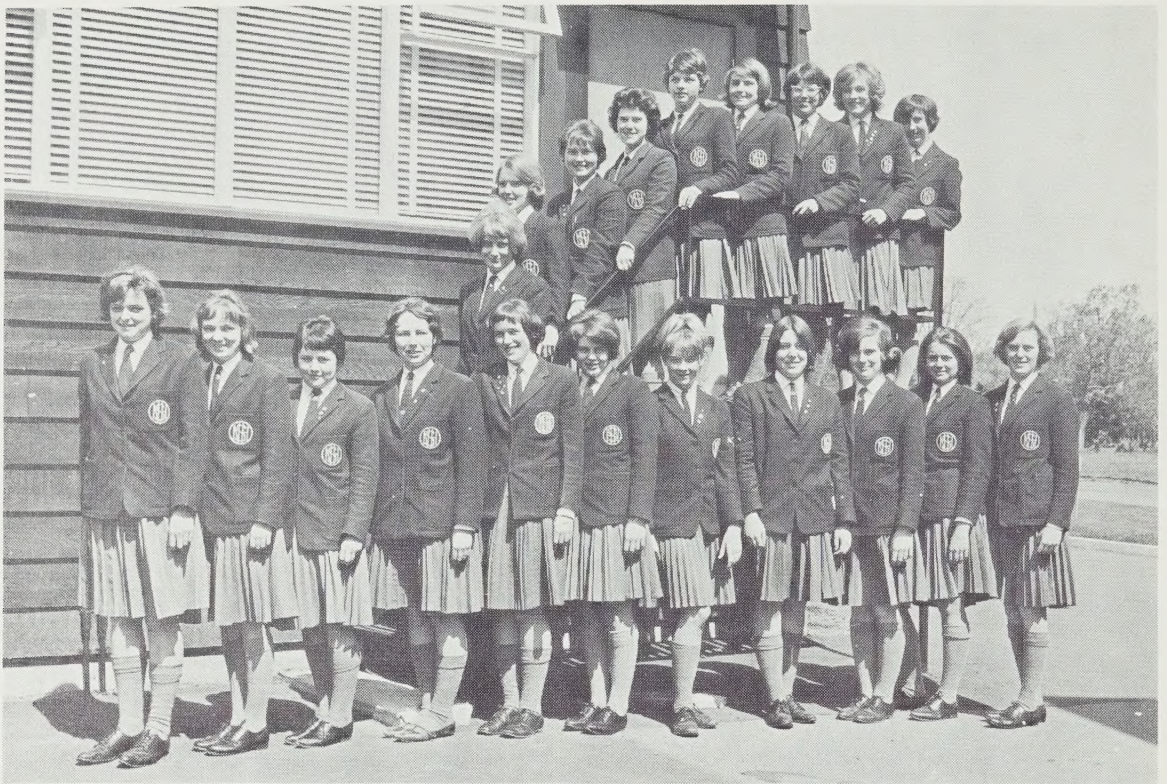
Sheila Gann

Janet Hudson

Nancy Lundy

Joan Thomas

Sharon Watkins



MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Back Row, left to right: Stephanie Orme, Jennifer Napier, Carolyn Brown, Elissa McMurtrie, Penny Davis, Kirsty Gladwell, Susan Willis, Wendy Watkins, Penny Shaw.

Front Row, left to right: Ilse Sartorius, Dallas Maclean, Ann Watt, Joan Wenman, Sue Stephen, Kathleen Henderson, Gina Bigelow (editor), Elizabeth Drake (assistant editor), Jennifer Spicer, Theodora Booker, Julia Stenner.

Magazine Committee

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Assistant Editor

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Advertising Committee

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Sports Committee

Kathleen Henderson, Elissa McMurtrie, Theodora Booker

Photography

Susan Stephen, Carolyn Brown

Typing

Jennifer Napier, Joan Wenman, and most of the Grade 11 class

Editorial

Here I sit at my desk in the wee hours of the morning, faced with the somewhat challenging task of producing an editorial. From a rather limited knowledge of editorials, I have gathered that they must contain inspiring words, no prejudicial opinions, and one main theme that will embody the entire discourse. I am by no means unbiased, and Miss Lee knows the trouble I have in finding themes, much less maintaining one in something I write. Thus I proceed, obscure in the darkness of ignorance, to plunge into this editorial.

This magazine can only hope to telescope the events of this year, picking out the highlights so that a person looking back in an old pile of books, could come across the magazine and remember this year, complete with all its complexities. I sincerely hope that between me and my hard-working committee, we have accomplished this task.

Prior to my appointment as editor, I don't think I have ever fully realized just how much goes on in a school year. Even though I have been here for eleven years, I seem to have learnt more this year than in all my other ten. It has been a good year for the School, both academically and athletically. We have in our possession both the Bridgman cups and many fond memories of other hard-fought battles which have increased the School's abundant spirit to an all time high.

For those of you who are spending their last year at Norfolk, I hope that your future will be as much fun as I am sure your years at the School have been. It brings a note of sadness into my heart to think that those people I have known for so long will no longer be familiar faces around the School, but this is somewhat relieved when I think that you will be esteemed members of the Old Girls' Association. How positively aging!

To those teachers who are leaving, this editorial carries sincere appreciation from all members of the School. Without all your patience and consideration, we wouldn't be possessors of the knowledge which you have so freely given to us. May your future years be a well-deserved rest, filled with happy memories of your days at the School.

My space being limited, I must begin to draw to a close. However, I couldn't end without many thanks to all the people who have helped me to edit this magazine. Miss Lee, for your abundant patience with me, and your invaluable assistance, I commend you; Miss Scott for the help I received in the organization of the magazine; to all the members of my committee, with special mention to Elizabeth Drake and Susan Stephen, without whose assistance the magazine could never have been edited; and last, but by no means least to every member of the School for the enthusiasm you have shown towards the magazine. Even though some of you didn't give in the form of contributions, just by being yourselves in everything you did has made my job as editor one of the most satisfying things I have ever undertaken. Thank you, everyone!



THE PREFECTS

*Back Row, left to right: Susan Alexander, Joan Thomas, Sharon Watkins, Robin Abbiss, Nancy Lundy.
Front Row, left to right: Heather Atkinson, Janet Hudson, Tricia Dunn (head girl), Sheila Gann, Patty Mearns (games captain).*

Head Girl's Message

School spirit is an intangible, yet wonderful force. This past year, as Head Girl, I have come to realize that although individual participation is important and vital at Norfolk House in order to maintain school spirit, the enthusiasm and response of the entire student body produces much greater and more worthwhile results. Striving together for the common good, students are brought into close association with their school-mates, and learn the essential significance of sharing, compromise, and mutual endeavour.

We must always remember that we who are, and have been, privileged enough to be a part of Norfolk House come not solely to receive, but to give. All our contributions to school functions and activities add to our own fulfilment and enjoyment, and also to the happiness of those around us. Education here at Norfolk is not only the knowledge we acquire in the classroom or from the textbook; it is rather the broadening of our outlook, the strengthening of our purposes, and the maintenance of a proper balance of the intellectual, social and physical development of the whole person. I hope that we, the prefects, have made it a little easier for you, the student body, to affirm and uphold the School's rules, its high ideals and noble aims.

I have been aided in my task by a group of very capable and willing prefects who have all worked diligently with the interest of the School foremost in their minds. As prefects we have been taught the invaluable lesson of accepting leadership and responsibility by Miss Scott and the Staff who have so generously offered us advice and assistance.

To all the Staff, and to all of you, the students, we, the prefects and graduating class should like to extend a sincere and heart-felt thank you for making our days at Norfolk House happy, memorable and rewarding.

Trish Dunn.

PATRICIA ANN DUNN

1957-1964

Head Girl

Caister

*Hair of black, eyes of brown
Ever a smile, n'er a frown.*

Our head girl throughout her senior year has taken an active part in all phases of school life. Trish has been on the 1st Senior Hockey Team for four years and has won her colours. Her sports activities include as well active participation in basketball (she was team captain), swimming, tennis and track. Last year she won the tennis doubles with Penny Sparks. In connection with the U.N. Club, she went to the U.N. Model Assembly when she was in Grade 10 and to U.B.C. last summer for the U.N. seminar. Academically, Trish has maintained a high standard and is majoring in English, French, History, Latin and Math. After graduating, she is going to study Arts and Languages in Lausanne, Switzerland for a year as she is interested in entering foreign service work. However, she plans to complete her studies in Canada. Being full of spirit, wit, and inspiration, Trish keeps the school spirit running high with her happy smile and enthusiastic outlook.

Ambition: Foreign Service.

Probable Destiny: Foreign Legion.





ROBIN MARY STEWARD ABBISS

1951-1964

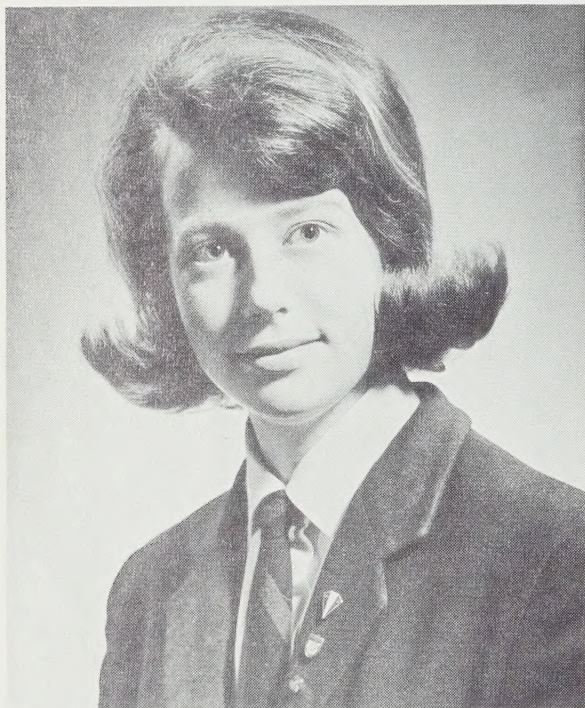
Wymondham

Like madness is the glory of this life.

Completing all her school years at Norfolk, Robin or Abbiss, as her mates call her, has been here for thirteen years, from a toddler in kindergarten to her graduating year. In Grade 8 she won a tennis award, was on the Wymondham House hockey, basketball, and badminton teams. This year she was appointed a prefect and was elected the Captain of Wymondham House. She sang with the Senior Choir, was on the second Hockey team, and entered the public speaking contest. She is majoring in Science, English and French, and hopes to attend college after which she will work her way down to New Zealand to work in a hospital there.

Ambition: To travel unwed to New Zealand.

Probable Destiny: Kangaroo trainer.



SUSAN WHITEWAY ALEXANDER

1954-1964

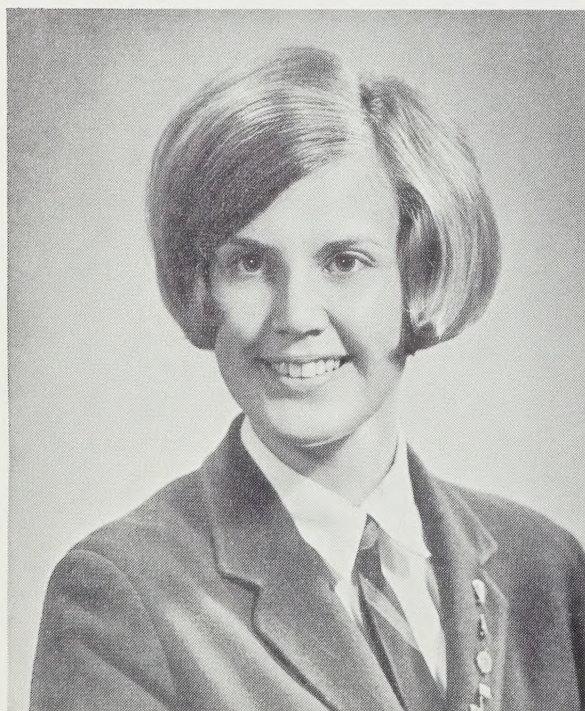
Walsingham

Her charm is in her being just herself.

Sue leads an exceptionally busy school life as besides her duties as a prefect and Captain of Walsingham House, she is a member of the Library Committee and United Nations Club. Last year, Sue was head of the Literary Committee of *Norfolk-Lore* and two years ago participated in the U.N. Model Assembly held in Vancouver. After completing her majors in French, Latin, English and Math, she plans to enter the University of Victoria. During the summer months over a period of years, Sue plans to go to Europe and stay in foreign universities among which include those in Frankfurt, Mexico City, Brussels and Rome.

Ambition: To speak several Modern Languages.

Probable Destiny: Translating Pig-Latin at the U.N.



HEATHER OLIVE ATKINSON

1957-1964

Wymondham

I assure you she is the dearest girl!

Heather has over the past years offered herself as a great service to her school. She is a keen and excellent prefect, strict but understanding, and also a loyal supporter of school activities. Her enthusiasm in the U.N. Club led her to be the director of the Talent Show this year, which is by no means an easy task. She has a great liking for sports cars, and no matter where she is, always is happy and smiling. Her majors are Math, French, Science and English. She has also participated in the Senior Choir.

Ambition: Occupational Therapist.

Probable Destiny: Commercial basket-weaver.

MARGARET AMARÉ BOWLES

1958-1964

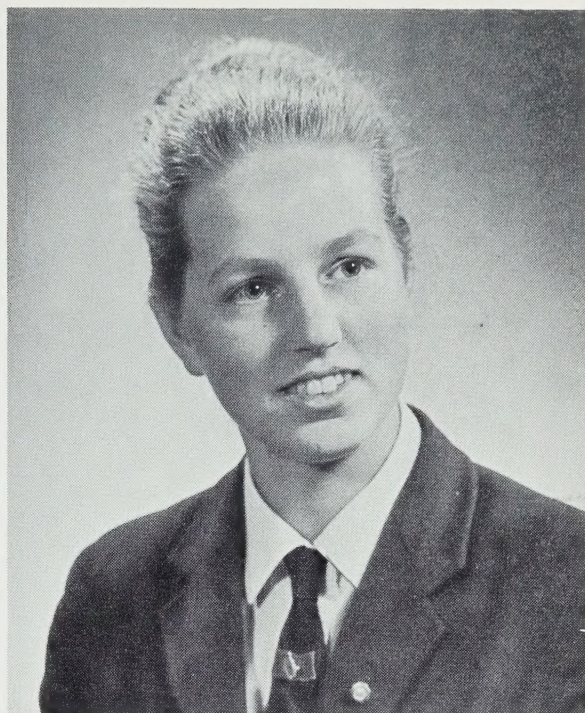
Walsingham

She blesses us with surprise!

Margaret came to our school in 1958, and has since added greatly to the school scholastically. She is majoring in English, Math, Science, French and Latin, and recently placed third in the Mathematics contest which the school entered for the first time this year. Margaret played on the House hockey team for Walsingham, and is an active member of the U.N. Club, participating in the Model Assembly in Vancouver this year. Margaret plans to attend U.B.C.

Ambition: Biochemist.

Probable Destiny: Preparing test-tube dinners for husband and large family.



ADELINE MARGARET SUSAN
BRICKNELL

1953-1964

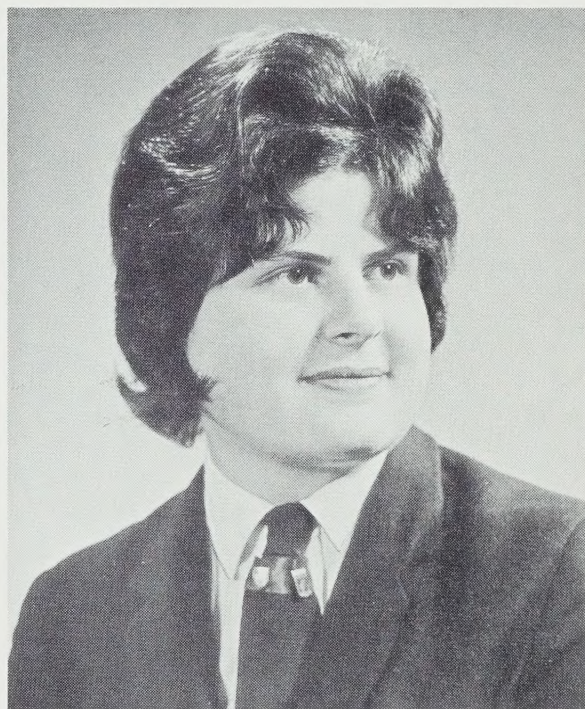
Caister

She has a tongue with a tang.

Margaret is a charming girl who is majoring in English, French, Latin, History, and Math. She has been on the staff of *Norfolk-Lore* for two years, and prefers using her talents in this way rather than in participating in sports. She is affectionately called "Mugs" by the rest of her class and is known for her ready humour.

Ambition: Interpreter in foreign affairs.

Probable Destiny: Teacher.



SUSAN ELIZABETH BROWN

1963-1964

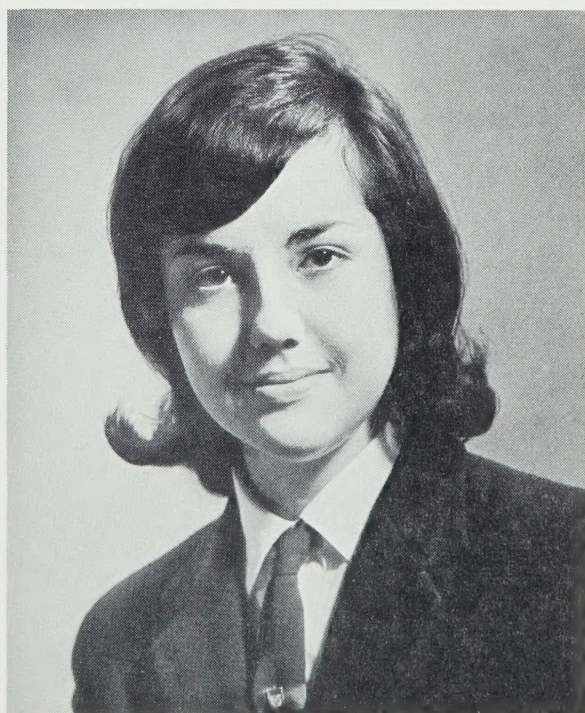
Walsingham

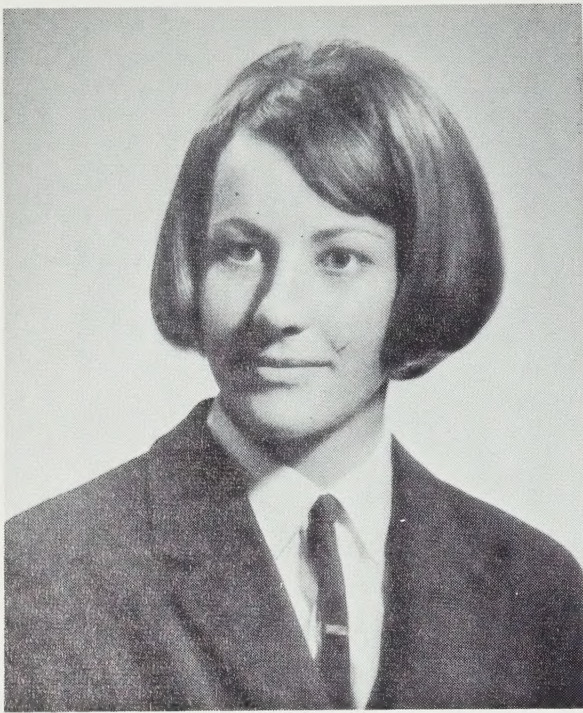
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.

This bouncy, raven-haired bombshell first bombarded the Grade 12 class in September. Since that time she has played on the basketball team and with her gay wit and sparkling personality, she has added much to the general charm of 1964's Graduating Class. Majoring in Science, Maths, and French, Sue hopes to enter the University of Victoria in the fall.

Ambition: To become a teacher.

Probable Destiny: Struggling over her children's Math problems.





TERRY KATHLEEN BROWN

1961-1964

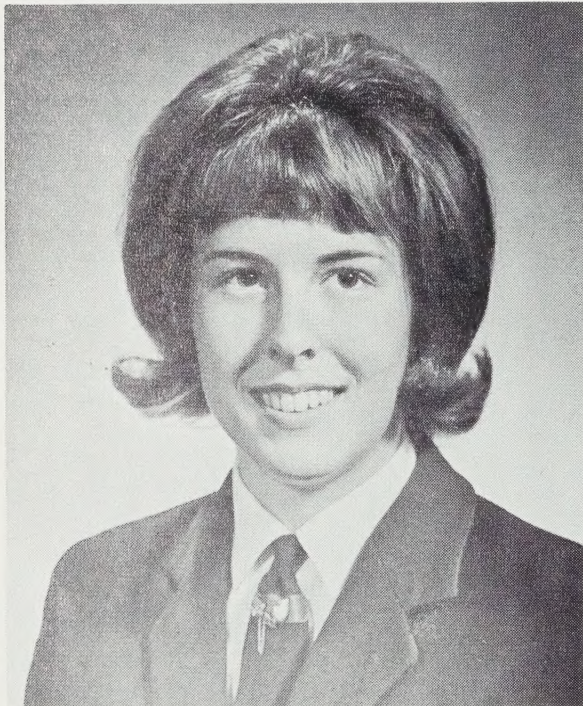
Caister

I hate facts!

Terry, often called "Charlie", came to our school in 1961. Her majors are English, Social Studies, and Math. Next year she will be seen strolling the halls at the University of Victoria.

Ambition: To be an artist.

Probable Destiny: Painting the white line down a four-lane highway.



MAUREEN JOAN CHILTON

1950-1964

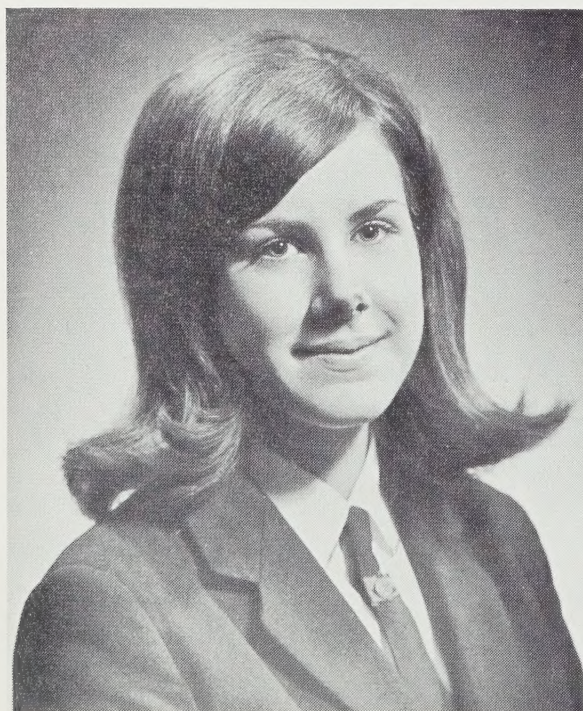
Caister

A very gentle beast and of good conscience.

Maureen is on most occasions a quieter member of Grade 12. A conscientious worker, she is a member of the Library Committee and United Nations Club and is majoring in English, Science, French, and Latin. She has three horses, excels in egg-and-spoon races on Sports Day, and likes birds, especially Fenwick Lansdowne.

Ambition: To be a veterinarian.

Probable Destiny: Marry money.



SUSAN ANNA-MARIE DEAN

1962-1964

Walsingham

Where there is smoke, there is fire.

Susan is majoring in French, Latin, Science, and Math and has been active in the United Nations Club. This year she has been the Head Boarder in the residence. She plans to attend the University of Washington in the fall.

Ambition: To be a linguist in a Foreign Office.

Probable Destiny: Language translator in Little Itch's Spider Circus.

SHEILA JANE GANN

1950-1964

Caister

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm!

Sheila, an "old" member of the school is a very keen participant in all school affairs. She is Caister House Captain and plays for the 1st Hockey team. She is a member of the Senior Choir and the United Nations Club. Last year Sheila was head of the Advertising Committee for *Norfolk-Lore*. Majoring in Math, Science, English, French and Latin, Sheila plans to attend the University of Victoria to obtain her degree and then go on to become a primary grade school teacher.

Ambition: To be an exchange teacher.

Probable Destiny: Teaching exchange students sailing.



JOANNE BLYSS GARNER

1957-1964

Caister

Surrender up thine individual being, shalt thou go to mix forever with the elements.

Joanne has been a lively member of Norfolk House School for seven years, and her sense of humour has added much spice to her class. Joanne is majoring in Latin, Math, French, English, and Science, and plans to go to U.B.C. next year to take an Arts course.

Ambition: None.

Probable Destiny: Censored!



SONIA CLAIRE DE GRANDMAISON

1963-1964

Caister

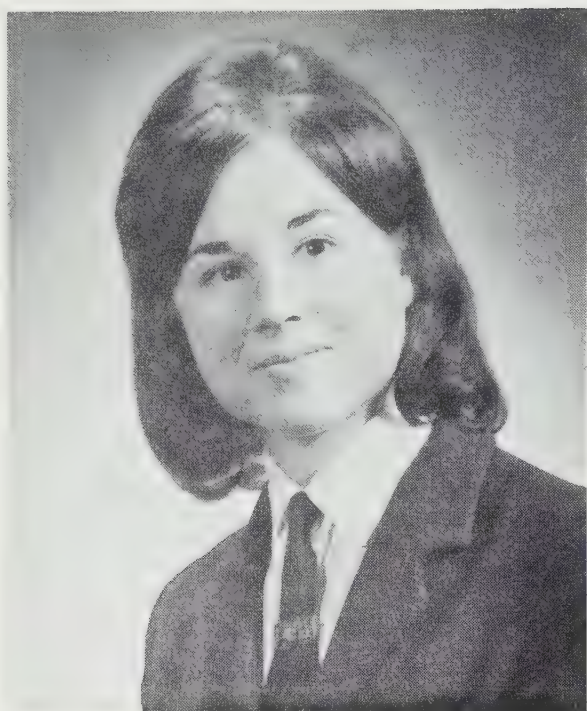
*And I have promises to keep
and many miles before I sleep.*

Sonia, a newcomer to the school, is from Banff, Alberta. She resides at the boarding house as a permanent boarder. She is taking majors in Science, Math, Geography, and English. Because she is a new member of the school, she has not had much chance to entwine herself into the many school activities, but she did a fine performance in the Talent Show, doing a modern dancing routine. She is a lively person, both inside and outside of class.

Ambition: To study art in a quiet, secluded place and to travel.

Probable Destiny: Guide in the Southern Timbuctu Subterranean Art Gallery.





MARJORIE ELAINE HASSELL

1960-1964

Walsingham

The happiest person is the person who thinks the most interesting thoughts.

Elaine, alias "H²" keeps herself busy as President of the United Nations Club. She also finds time to play basketball. Her majors include Science, Math, French, and Latin. As of yet her future is still uncertain, and her plans for next year, undetermined.

Ambition: To be a nurse.

Probable Destiny: General Electric Clock Winder.



FRANCES JANE HAYES

1963-1964

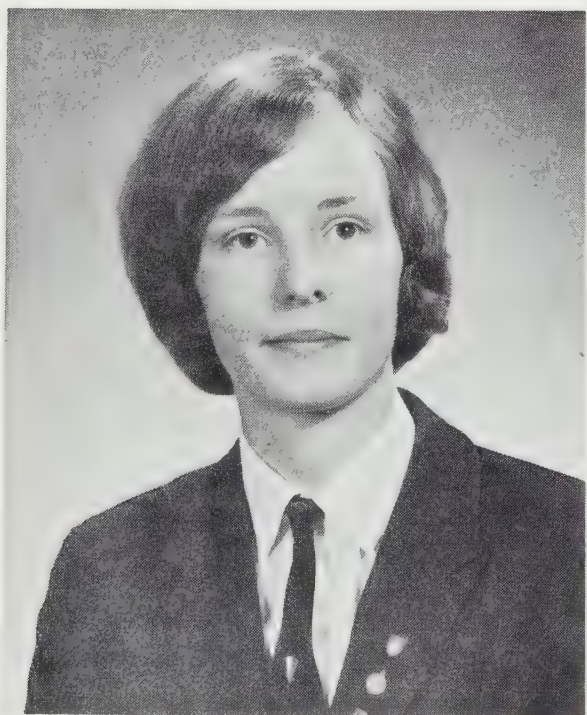
Wymondham

Whimsy, not reason, is the female guide.

Jane, who is a new girl this year from Ottawa, adds life and enthusiasm to the Graduating Class. Her majors include History, French, Math, and English. She plays badminton and she entered the Public Speaking Contest. After graduation, she plans to attend a six-week French course during the summer at Laval University in Quebec and in September she hopes to attend the University of Victoria to obtain her Senior Matriculation.

Ambition: To speak French fluently.

Probable Destiny: A French teacher at Royal Roads.



JANET LOUISE HUDSON

1957-1964

Walsingham

Still waters run deep.

Janet, a quiet but active member of her class, is an excellent scholar and has contributed throughout her school career to various school and house teams including the 2nd Hockey team and the tennis and badminton teams. Last year Janet very ably edited *Norfolk-Lore* and this year she is a school prefect, a member of the United Nations Club and a member of the Senior Choir. Her majors are English, Science, Math, French, and Latin. Janet plans to attend the University of Victoria to study Psychology and the Classics and then finish her studies in Eastern Canada.

Ambition: Sociologist.

Probable Destiny: To become a classical nut.

NANCY MARY LUNDY

1958-1964

Caister

Consider it not so deeply.

Nancy has been head of the Library Committee for the past two years and has been a member of the United Nations Club for three years. Her majors include English, French, Latin, Geography, and Math. Nancy plans to attend the University of Victoria to obtain her Senior Matriculation and then to enter the Jubilee Hospital School of Nursing.

Ambition: To be a nurse.

Probable Destiny: Marry a doctor.



SUSAN JOSEPHINE MacDOUGALL

1954-1964

Wymondham

Your eyes smile peace.

Jose has played on the House hockey and basketball teams and is a member of the United Nations Club. Her main interests are sailing, swimming, skiing and dancing. She is taking this year Social Studies, Geography, German, English and Math.

Ambition: To travel, spend a year in Switzerland, and then go to the University of Victoria.

Probable Destiny: Working the bubble machine for Lawrence Welk.



PATRICIA JANE MEARNS

1950-1964

Wymondham

The enchanted notes fall with rapture upon our ears.

Pat, our Games Captain, has participated on the 1st Hockey, House basketball, track, and House badminton teams. She is a member of the Senior Choir and is majoring in French, Latin, and Geography. She has no definite plans after graduation, but her future could possibly include music.

Ambition: Learn Chinese.

Probable Destiny: Racing in the Grand Prix in a '58 Morris.





SUSAN LINDA MITCHELL

1957-1964

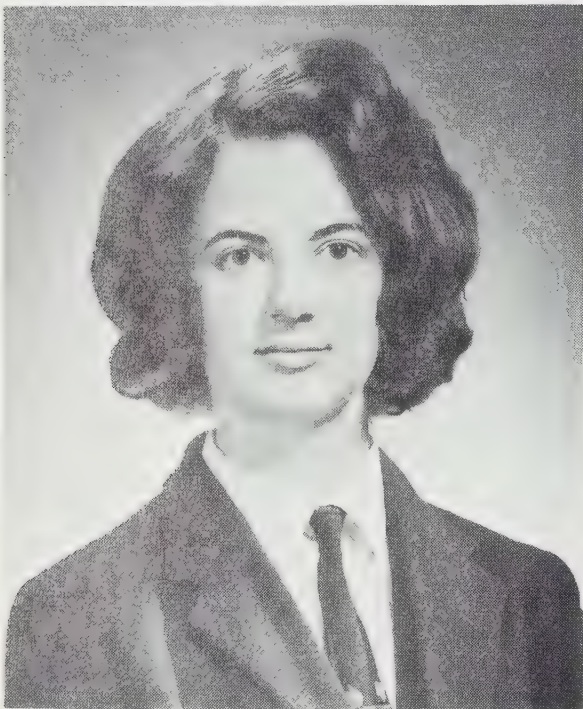
Wymondham

Silence is a virtue.

Susan has attended Norfolk House for the past seven years. She is an active member of the U.N. and Social Service Clubs as well as being on the Library Committee. She is majoring in Math, Science, English, and French. Her future plans are, as yet, undecided.

Ambition: Raising Arabians.

Probable Destiny: Cleaning out Arabian horse stables.



CECILIE NORA MARGARET SHAW

1952-1964

Walsingham

The diplomat sits in silence, watching the world with his ears.

Cecilie came to Norfolk in 1952 and through her years she has contributed in many ways to her school. She represented our U.N. Club in the Model Assembly in Vancouver and is very keen about acting. She is soon to be auditioned for an opportunity at U.B.C's Summer School Drama Department. She is also interested in languages, especially French. Her majors include English, Math, French, and Latin.

Ambition: Secretarial work abroad.

Probable Destiny: Doing underground work for British Anti-Crumpet-Eaters.



PENELOPE MARGARET IRENE SPARKS

1958-1964

Caister

The whole world's a stage.

Penny is active in school life as the Drama Club and the Social Service Club Presidents. She has played leading parts in school plays for several years. She is a keen member of the Senior Choir and participates in tennis and badminton. Majoring in Math, Science, English, French, and Social Studies, Penny plans to attend the University of Victoria for one year.

Ambition: To be a nurse, and as a sideline, eventually, to act.

Probable Destiny: Nursing her way out of her actor's poverty.

ELEANOR JOAN THOMAS

1958-1964

Caister

A woman's strength lies in being absent.

Joan, while carrying on her duties as a prefect, also finds time for many outside activities. She is a member of the Senior Choir, a librarian, a member of the U.N. Club and vice-president of the Drama Club. Her majors include French, Science, and Math. After graduating, Joan plans to work in a bank and at the same time take a business course during the evenings.

Ambition: To become a legal stenographer.

Probable Destiny: Assistant to Perry Mason.



SHARON JOAN WATKINS

1957-1964

Walsingham

*By happy alchemy of mind,
They turn to pleasure all they find.*

Sharon, a bubbling and lively member of Grade 12, has been a member of Norfolk House for seven years. She has taken an active part in school life, serving on the Library Committee, United Nations Club, and Social Service Club, and participating in the Swimming Gala. This year she is also a prefect. An enthusiastic horse-woman, she lives in Metchosin and has her own horse. After completing her majors in Science, Math, French and Geography, Sharon plans to attend the University of Victoria for one year, and then go into nursing at Vancouver General Hospital.

Ambition: To be a nurse.

Probable Destiny: Pastoral life with a Texas veterinarian.



School Closing Prize List

FOR GENERAL PROFICIENCY

Kindergarten	Gillian Parr
Grade 1	Frances Hubbard
Grade 2	Jane Holmes
Grade 3	Moirra Pittam
Grade 4	Mary Bentley
Grade 5	Deborah George and Kathleen Gibson
Grade 6	Caroline Penn
Grade 7	Jane Dyer
Grade 8H	Alison Grant
Grade 8P	Leslie Lee
Grade 9H	Penny Davis
Grade 9W	Jane Woollends
Grade 10	Wendy Watkins
Grade 11	Janet Hudson
Grade 12	Caroline Overman

SPECIAL PRIZES

Science, Grade 6	Debbie Todd
Science, Grade 7	Mary Bigelow
Music	Laura Groos
Oral French	Sheila Gann
Art	Christine Edwards

BOOK PRIZES

English	Caroline Overman
Socials 30	Tricia Dunn
History	Andrea Walker
Science	Adele Trottier
German	Margaret Bricknell
French	Andrea Walker
Latin	Pauline Hurry
Scripture (in memory of the Right Reverend George Bell, Bishop of Chichester)	Margaret Bowles
2nd award for Scripture	Janet Hudson

SPORTS AWARDS

Badminton	Freydis Mason-Hurley
Senior Tennis	Freydis Mason-Hurley
Intermediate Tennis	Theodora Booker
Senior Tennis Doubles	Tricia Dunn, Penny Sparks
Overman Cup	Ronnie Harris to accept for Norfolk House
House Singing	Wymondham
Davies Cup for Inter-House Debating	Walsingham
Pooley Cup for Academic Honours	Walsingham
Cock House Cup for total points	Walsingham
Old Girls' Public Speaking Contest:	
Senior Shield	Adele Trottier
Intermediate Book Prize	Margo Heisterman
Genevieve Prior Cup for all round co-operation in the Residence	Elaine Hassel
All round participation in all aspects of school life (presented by the graduates of 1963)	Theodora Booker and Penny Shaw
Burridge Cup for Merit	Carol Ruttan
Charles Heisterman Cup for outstanding progress in the Senior School	Sheila Gann
Young Cup for Academic work and athletics	Caroline Overman
Hammond Cup for Merit	Adele Trottier

School Closing 1963

With our usual wiltingly hot prize-giving weather, the 1963 closing went forward smoothly as always, giving parents and visitors little indication of the frantic practices jammed in before-hand.

The highlight of last year's prize-giving was, without doubt, the presence of Miss Atkins, who presented the prizes. It is rarely that a School can welcome one of its Founders to its Golden Anniversary Closing. We were proud and happy to do so, particularly those of us who have been here with her. Our guest speaker, Major J. Ian Simpson, Headmaster of Glenlyon School, paid a fine tribute to Miss Atkins and told something of the earlier days of the School.

An event of interest was the presentation for the first time of a book prize to Adele Trottier who obtained a science major in the three sciences offered, Biology 91, Chemistry 91, and Physics 91.

Staff, students and graduates agreed that the School's fiftieth year had come to a happy and successful conclusion.

Graduation Dance 1963

The Victoria Golf Club made an exciting and exotic setting for the Graduation Dance on June 27, 1963. The lobby was cleared for dancing to the music of Len Acres. Throughout the rousing bunny-hop and the sophisticated waltzes, everyone seemed happy and relaxed as the graduates in their becoming white dresses, whirled among the multi-coloured summer semi-formals of teachers, mothers and Grade Elevens.

At eleven o'clock the graduates (with their escorts, of course) had supper in the dining room which was decked in crisp white table cloths and beautiful flower centrepieces. By the time the Grade Elevens arrived in the dining room, there seemed to be a delay in the kitchen (due to unknown circumstances); thus, the room was left to the mercy of the Grade Elevens who mixed drinks of flower water and peppered cream. This little incident added to the amusement of the evening. At twelve o'clock the Grade Twelves ended their last year of school appropriately when they stood in a circle and sang "Auld Lang Syne". The guests departed and not even the light drizzle falling on the golf course could dampen the happy minds of the graduates.

SPORTS

Sports Day

As usual our Norfolk House Sports Day, June 1, started off with a “Bang,” kindly provided by Mrs. Gore-Langton’s gun, and each one of us struggled and panted down the field, proving to the teachers that we can sometimes move faster than a snail’s pace.

We all had worked very hard, under Miss Phibb’s fine instruction, and whatever points we made, we owe to her. As the afternoon progressed, excitement grew between the Houses. Frantic cheers from children and parents spurred competitors on to gain that one point.

At last there were no more events and anxiously we awaited the awards of prizes and cups.

The final results were:

Kindergarten 25-yard Dash	Martha Hilliard
6-8 years 50-yard Dash	Sherry Smith
Junior 80-yard Dash	Devon Featherstone
Junior High Jump	Devon Featherstone
Junior Broad Jump	Caroline Penn
Junior Ball Throw	Deborah Nation
Junior 3-Legged	Jillian Boyd and Devon Featherstone
5-6 years Sack Race	Madelyn Todd
5-6 years Bunny Jump	Elizabeth Cowley
7-8 years Wheelbarrow	Heather Dunbar and Ann Padmore
Catch-the-Train Race	Grania Learoyd
Intermediate 100-yard Dash	Gina Bigelow
Intermediate High Jump	Theodora Booker
Intermediate Broad Jump	Theodora Booker
Intermediate Sack Race	Penny Shaw
Intermediate Potato and Spoon Race	Rosemary Haddon
Senior 100-yard Dash	Wendy Watkins
Senior 220-yard Dash	Ronnie Harris
Senior Hurdles	Wendy Watkins
Senior High Jump	Cynthia Gilbert
Senior Broad Jump	Wendy Watkins
Senior 3-Legged	Julia Stenner and Pat Shea
Flower Pot Race	Carolyn Brown
Obstacle Race	Kathleen Henderson
Junior Relay	Wymondham
Intermediate Relay	Walsingham
Senior Relay	Walsingham

The final House standings were:

Wymondham, 89 points
Walsingham, 88 points
Caister, 53 points

On To Victory

This title is a little misleading as the First XI hockey team tied with Queen Margaret's School for first place in the Bridgman Cup Matches. The following players combined to achieve this good result:

Forwards

SHEILA GANN — She uses that effective push pass so necessary for a left wing.

THEODORA BOOKER — As left inner she passes well and plays skillfully but must put herself into it more. Bring that left shoulder around.

WENDY WATKINS — She is a fairly old member of the first eleven, dribbles well and is a good scorer. However, she must practise shooting accurately after a break-through. Don't swipe.

TRICIA DUNN — Always that extra tap when one firm hit would do the trick. Nevertheless, a keen and enthusiastic forward.

ALISON GRANT — Out on the right wing, she directs the ball well with her easy swing. Remember to stop before you hit inside the circle. Be careful of "sticks".

Halves

ELIZABETH DRAKE — Watch "sticks". She usually tackles her opposing wing successfully and sends the ball off with power.

CAROLYN BROWN — She is dependable. As right half, she invariably rushes to the rescue with good results.

PAT MEARNS — A most reliable centre half, who is always in the right place. Well done, Pat, you captained the team very well.

Backs

ELISSA MCMURTRIE — Don't be dubious, go ahead and attack! Her stops could be polished but she plays well.

JULIE STENNER — She directs her free hits specifically and has a good eye.

Goalie

SUE STEPHEN — It is easy to direct but hard to do. Keep those feet under control if you can and watch your timing. If players are blocking your view (they're only trying to help you, believe it or not!) tell them to move. Played well throughout the year.

TO THE SECOND ELEVEN

Special thanks to all the members of the second team for dragging themselves out in the very early hours and giving such good workouts to the first team. As Captain of the Second XI, Joan Wenman has been a versatile player throughout the year in practices and as a replacement on the first team. Thank you, Joan, for keeping fit and doing so well in that difficult position of a spare.

The Senior Bridgman Cup

This year we had our usual weather for the annual playoff of the Senior Bridgman. Although November 16, itself, proved to be dull and raining, the games were far from boring.

Beginning with Norfolk defeating Mount Newton 6-0 in a well-fought battle, Norfolk supporters and especially the team found new strength to survive the mud, which for the better part of the day was our environment. Our second game against Cowichan High we won 3-2 and the third against Crofton House was a 1-1 tie. These results put us in the semi-finals in which our team played Victoria High and emerged victorious, 4-0.

We were now in the finals, competing with that age-old defender of the cup, Queen Margaret's School, which had won the coveted trophy the year before. With the help of cheering and scarf-waving, both teams were able to hold each other at bay. The game was a 0-0 draw. Neither side had lost a game during the whole day. Although Norfolk lost the flip for who would have the Bridgman Cup first, we were not so content, however, to receive the pins as all the noise proved. When all the shouting was over, each one of us could truthfully say that November 16 was truly a successful day.

We wish to congratulate the Q.M.S. team most heartily for a well-fought match, and we are looking forward eagerly to next year's matches.

International Hockey

On a very rainy October 19, two busloads of people left Norfolk House School for a day of international hockey in Vancouver. Norfolk shared a bus with Queen Margaret's leaving the second and much quieter bus to the Victoria Ladies. After a march on, led by a band of piping Scotties, the four teams — one Australian, one New Zealand, one Canadian and one B.C. representative — much to our amazement went through a series of dances, pin exchanges and chants supposedly symbolic of friendship between the different teams and countries. The hockey that followed was, of course, a joy to watch and despite the rain all enjoyed themselves and received a lesson more valuable than a hundred lectures.

The following Saturday Miss Redfern, coach of the Australian team, came to Norfolk and gave a hockey clinic for the lower mainland teams. Short games and stick-work practice under Miss Redfern's critical eye comprised the order of the day. Even the best of players came under criticism. It is surprising how much basic technique we think we know but which we find we really do not. I am certain that all of us had something to learn from this clinic and we cannot thank Miss Redfern enough for giving up her valuable time and coming to help us.



SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row, left to right: Theodora Booker, Susan Stephen, Elissa McMurtrie, Miss Phibbs, Tricia Dunn, Alison Grant.

Front Row, left to right: Sheila Gann, Elizabeth Drake, Patty Mearns (captain), Wendy Watkins, Julia Stenner, Carolyn Brown.



JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row, left to right: Margot Heisterman, Susan Barr, Tricia Denny, Gwyneth Wrixon, Deedee Shepherd, Paddy Gage.

Front Row, left to right: Katie Angus, Penny Shaw, Alison Grant (captain), Norma Meakes.

The Basketball Team

TRICIA DUNN — A very enthusiastic player and team captain, but not always a very accurate shot.

WENDY WATKINS — Wendy, who is sometimes a little rough, has worked with great enthusiasm and is a most useful rover. "Keep it up Wendy."

KATHLEEN HENDERSON — "Well played Kathleen" — A very useful player, full of vim and vigour. Just get all your shots in and the team should do much better!

KIRSTY GLADWELL — Is usually hit and miss. A pity, for you've got the speed, stamina and ability to be very good, but you must practise as well as play.

SUE PENNER — A welcome newcomer to the team who works hard, is full of enthusiasm, but lacks confidence.

MARY AUST — Plays like a bomb, which explodes on occasions. Don't Mary, for you really are needed to help shoot goals and keep the ball moving on the court.

CAROLYN BROWN — Makes a wonderful guard — you were sadly missed when you hurt your leg. Keep off skis and help score goals for Norfolk next year!

SUSAN STEPHEN — Another guard who worked and slaved to get the ball up the other end — Keep it up Sue, you're doing fine.

SUSAN TODD — With a little more effort could be so good, but you can't rely on long arms and height all the time. Go on with a bang next year and you'll do much better, for you've got the ability.

S. BROWN — A very keen and energetic newcomer to the team, who will be missed next year. A little rough, but never mind, you did very well.

ELAINE HASSELL — A terrific little player in a quiet way, who did very well all year. Well done!

SUSAN WILLIS — Keen and energetic on the court. Lacks experience, but makes up for it with enthusiasm.

Overman Basketball Matches

On February 25 and March 2 the two Overman basketball matches were held at the Memorial Hall. Stirred by pep rallies held in the school gym at recess, a large number of Norfolk supporters turned up to watch these games. Although Norfolk was not victorious in these games, their playing showed great improvement. The scores were as follows in St. Margaret's favour. On February 27 the score was 30-8 and on March 2 the score was 16-8.



BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row, left to right: Sue Penner, Kirsty Gladwell, Sue Todd, Sue Willis, Mary Aust.

Front Row, left to right: Wendy Watkins, Kathleen Henderson, Carolyn Brown (captain), Sue Stephen, Elaine Hassell.

Basketball 1964

Basketball, a popular but not always successful sport for Norfolk House, began at the opening of the Easter term. This year it was even busier than usual with the added class of basketball games held at lunch hour, the junior and senior house matches, and of course the industrious school team practising at every moment possible for the yearly Round Robin.

Grade 9, the most enthusiastic class, proved itself to be very promising as it seemed to be continually challenging and defeating nearly ever other grade willing to play them.

In House matches, Caister proved itself to be the most successful defeating both Wymondham and Walsingham. Walsingham seconded this by defeating Wymondham and putting up a strong fight with Caister, losing the match by one basket. Wymondham although it was defeated, is to be commended for being such good sports and for fighting so tremendously hard, especially with Caister when the score was 14-16.

The Basketball Round Robin

The Round Robin, held on February 26, was an exciting day for both the team and the spectators. In the first game with St. Margaret's the team was nervous and slow in getting started. The different backboards and court added to their difficulties as they lost the game 30-7. In the games that followed Norfolk was determined not to show itself so easily beaten. The match with Crofton was very close right through, although Crofton proved to be the stronger defeating Norfolk 17-9. York House and Norfolk seemed to be more evenly matched as they battled through the closest game of the day. However, the final score saw York House victorious.

The end of the Tournament saw Crofton the winners, seconded by St. Margaret's. York House was third, and Norfolk, fourth.

Following the presentation of the Trophy, all four teams were treated to a delicious tea at Mr. and Mrs. Wilde's home.

Although Norfolk was not victorious, I am quite sure the whole team will agree that it was a most enjoyable and exciting day, not to be missed for anything.

The Crofton House Track Meet

The Crofton House Track Meet was held on Saturday, May 26. The participants left school at 3:30 p.m. on May 25 to share a bus with St. Margaret's for the trip to Vancouver and then to spend the night with their respective billets.

The meet began at 10 o'clock Saturday morning and after a hard fought day, Norfolk House placed third out of nine schools. Norfolk achieved the following results:

SENIORS

Broad Jump	2nd, Tricia Dunn
60-yard Dash	3rd, Pat Mearns
100-yard Dash	3rd, Ronnie Harris
220-yard Dash	3rd, Cynthia Gilbert

INTERMEDIATES

High Jump	1st, Cynthia Gilbert
Broad Jump	1st, Wendy Watkins
Relay	3rd, Cynthia Gilbert
	Kathleen Henderson
	Gina Bigelow
	Wendy Watkins

JUNIORS

High Jump	3rd, Margaret Bell
Relay	3rd, Norma Meakes
	Susan Barr
	Sheila Dunn
	Rosemary Haddon

The team wishes to extend its thanks to Miss Phibbs for the coaching and encouragement she gave them.



TENNIS TEAM

*Back Row, left to right: Kirsty Gladwell, Tricia Dunn, Theodora Booker.
Front Row, left to right: Penny Shaw, Susan Barr.*

Tennis 1963

Tennis, a very popular sport at Norfolk, started immediately at the opening of the summer term. From this time on the courts seemed to be constantly full with tennis enthusiasts practising at every moment possible. This year many of the juniors were given the opportunity to play while Miss Phibbs taught them the basic fundamentals of tennis.

The junior and senior tennis tournaments were very exciting with a large number of entries in each. The final standings were:

Singles

Senior	Freydis Mason-Hurley
Junior	Theodora Booker

Doubles

Senior	Penny Sparks and Tricia Dunn
Junior	Theodora Booker and Sue Stephen

Tennis

NORFOLK AND QUEEN MARGARET'S TENNIS

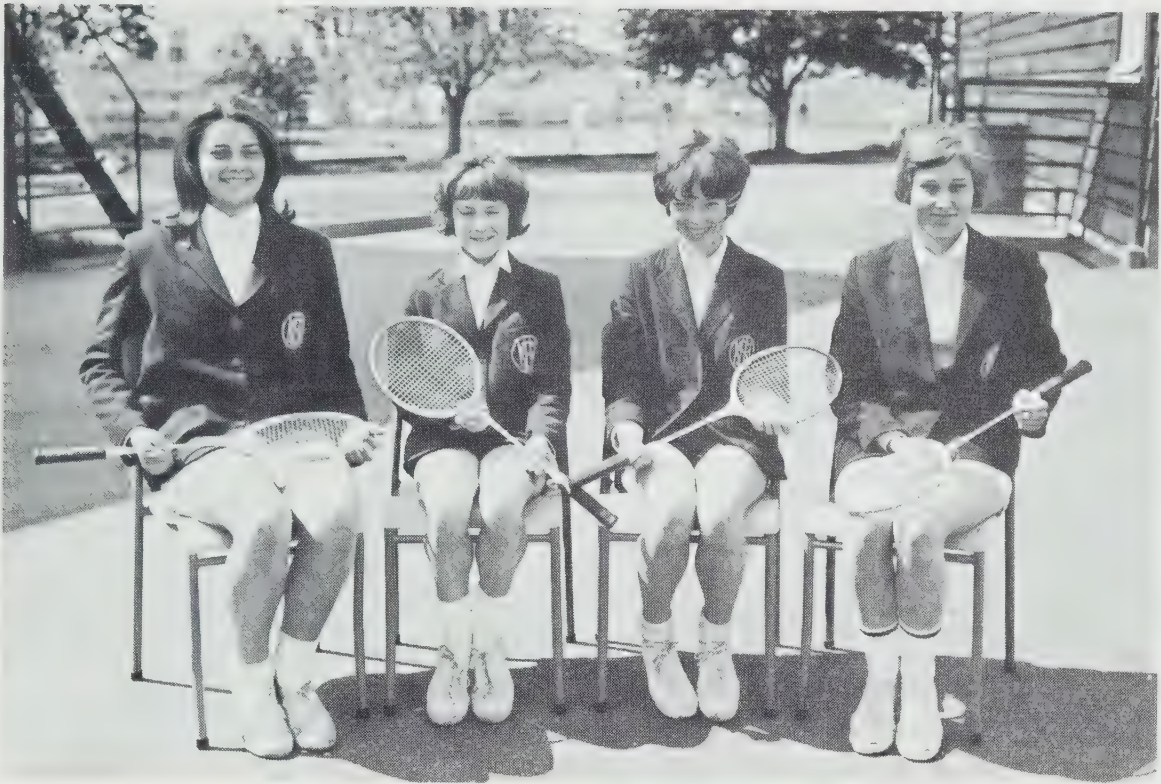
On April 27 three senior and three junior tennis teams were invited to play at Queen Margaret's School. The Junior team played exceedingly well; however, they lost to Q.M.S. 3-6. The Senior teams were more successful as they battled against Q.M.S. to gain a 5-4 victory. The day, a wonderful success, was completed by lunch at Q.M.S.

NORFOLK AND QUEEN MARGARET'S TENNIS AND TRACK MEET

On May 16 a return tennis and track meet was held at Norfolk. Both the tennis and the track events were very exciting and both teams played exceedingly well. The strenuous events of the morning ended with a delicious lunch in the gym followed by a number of extra track events. The final scores saw Q.M.S. the victor, defeating Norfolk in track 72-45 and in tennis 5-4. The poor score in track proved to the team that they needed more practice before the Crofton House Track Meet.

OVERMAN TENNIS

The Overman tennis matches were very exciting as they determined the winner of the Overman Trophy. The three teams which were to play practised very hard at every moment possible while Miss Phibbs coached them in her valuable spare time. Their practice proved to be worthwhile, as they defeated St. Margaret's twice, three games to two, making Norfolk the victor of the Overman Trophy.



BADMINTON TEAM

Left to right: Theodora Booker, Janice Melville, Jean McIlree, Pam Brock.

Badminton 1964

In the Fall term about thirty girls ranging from Grade Nine to Twelve went to the Victoria Racquet Club every Wednesday to play badminton under Miss Phibb's excellent supervision. Towards the end of the Term when everyone had had the opportunity of extra practice and coaching, tournaments were held, the results being as follows:

Singles Theadora Booker
Doubles Theadora Booker and Pam Brock

Independent Schools' Badminton Tournament

The Badminton Tournament was held on January 25 at Strathcona Lodge School. About 9:30 that morning a score of faithful Norfolk House supporters, decked with guitars, lunches and banners, trooped off the train, to invade Strathcona at that early hour of the morning. An hour later Miss Phibbs and the team arrived and half an hour after that the tournament began.

Both Norfolk teams played extremely well and I feel they should be especially commended as they are a very young team and still have a number of years to go.

The results were:

DOUBLES		SINGLES	
N.H.S. 1 vs	C.H.S. 1, won 11-7	N.H.S. vs	C.H.S., lost 4-11
	C.H.S. 2, won 11-3		S.M.S., lost 6-11
	S.M.S. 1, lost 6-11		Y.H.S., lost 5-11
	S.M.S. 2, won 11-9		S.L.S., lost 0-11
	Y.H.S. 1, lost 0-11		
	Y.H.S. 2, won 11-4		
	S.L.S. 1, lost 5-11		
	S.L.S. 2, lost 9-11		
N.H.S. 2 vs	C.H.S. 1, lost 4-11		
	C.H.S. 2, won 15-10		
	S.M.S. 1, lost 7-11		
	S.M.S. 2, won 11-6		
	Y.H.S. 1, lost 0-11		
	Y.H.S. 2, lost 4-11		
	S.L.S. 1, lost 1-11		
	S.L.S. 2, lost 3-11		

Final positions of the schools were:

Strathcona Lodge	17 points
York House	13 points
Crofton House	7 points
St. Margaret's	7 points
Norfolk House	6 points

Although we didn't have the highest number of points we did have the most supporters and next year we will look forward to better results. Thanks are extended to Miss Phibbs for all her coaching and encouragement.

The Discipline of Sport

The deep objective of games is really to train one's reflex of purpose, to develop a habit of keeping steadily at something you want to do until it is done. The rules of the game and the opposition of the other players are devices to put obstacles in your way. The winner must strive to stay in top position as the average or better than average individual must plod onward to improve the standard of which he is capable.

Each one of you do your best, work at your activities and achieve your aim. Just follow the school motto:

Do thy best, and rejoice with those who do better.

Pat Mearns, Games Captain.



SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row, left to right: Kathleen Henderson, Catharine Colclough, Stephanie Orme, Elissa McMurtrie, Mary Aust, Gillian Boyd, Martha Tye, Margot Heisterman, Gina Bigelow, Susan Stephen, Carolyn Brown.

Front Row, left to right: Tibby Mason-Hurley, Laura Cameron, Heather Lawson, Laurie Fee, Tricia Dunn, Susan Barr, Naomi Stevens, Lindsay Boyd, Michelle Trottier.

The Swim Gala

The Swim Gala was held on October 26 at the Crystal Garden Swimming Pool. This year we had an excellent team which arrived promptly at 10 a.m. to begin a busy and exciting day.

After obtaining passes and lockers, the team set about preparing their corner of the pool with their always original sign and green and white scarfs.

The team swam exceptionally well and the end of a hard fought day saw Norfolk Juniors fifth with 43 points and Norfolk Seniors third with 35 points and with a finalist in every event.

Individual standings were:

JUNIORS

50-yards Freestyle	6th, Susan Barr
50-yards Backstroke	5th, Susan Barr
50-yards Breaststroke	5th, Heather Lawson
50-yards Butterfly	1st, Jillian Boyd
	2nd, Laurie Fee
100-yards Freestyle	3rd, Lindsay Boyd
200-yard Medley Relay	2nd, Laurie Fee
	Heather Lawson
	Jillian Boyd
	Lindsay Boyd
200-yard Freestyle Relay	2nd, Lindsay Boyd
	Heather Lawson
	Laurie Fee
	Jillian Boyd

SENIORS

50-yards Freestyle	5th, Tricia Dunn
50-yards Backstroke	5th, Gina Bigelow
50-yards Breaststroke	4th, Tricia Dunn
50-yards Butterfly	3rd, Carolyn Brown
100-yards Freestyle	5th, Susan Stephen
200-yard Medley Relay	3rd, Carolyn Brown Gina Bigelow Kathleen Henderson Tricia Dunn
200-yard Freestyle Relay	2nd, Kathleen Henderson Susan Stephen Gina Bigelow Carolyn Brown

DIVING

Juniors:	
1 Metre	5th, Naomi Stephens
Seniors:	
3 Metre	3rd, Kathleen Henderson

The team would like to extend its thanks to Miss Phibbs for all her encouragement and enthusiasm.



TRACK TEAM

Back Row, left to right: Cynthia Gilbert, Sheelah Dunn, Susan Barr, Norma Meakes, Patty Mearns, Terry Brown, Elissa McMurtrie, Penny Shaw, Kathleen Henderson.
Front Row, left to right: Wendy Watkins, Susan Willis, Gina Bigelow, Penny Sparks, Tricia Dunn.

LITERARY

JUNIOR

Wishing

I wish I were a bird,
So that I could fly and fly
High above the tree tops,
Way up in the sky.

I wish I were a fish,
So that I could swim
Among the slushy reeds,
In the cool and dim.

I wish I were a cat,
So that in the night
I could wander in the dark,
Without any light.

K. Robinson,
Grade 5.

Beneath A Tree

Once I sat beneath a tree,
Singing, singing,
As happy as could be.
I thought I might get up and play,
But then again I'd rather stay
Under a tree,
Singing all day.

Janet Andreae,
Grade 5.

Riding

When I go riding
I gallop a lot,
But not in the woods
Where I usually trot.

Sometimes when I ride
I go down to the ring,
Then out to the trail
Past a gurgling spring.

The stable is white
With horses and goats;
The horses eat hay
And carrots and oats.

My favourite horse
Is a sort of a brown;
Mango's her name
And she acts like a clown!

After my ride
She goes back to her stall.
I take off her saddle
And bridle and all;

Then cross to the tackroom
To put things away;
Then home to wait
For the next Saturday.

Heather Dunbar,
Grade 4.

The Merry Fairy

There once was a fairy
Who was very, very merry.
She lived in a toad-stool
With a chimney at the top.
And underneath the little house
There was a tiny, busy mouse.
All they ever did was play.
Every single summer's day.

Deborah Bedford,
Grade 4.

Blue Sky

I love to rise up early
When the sky above is blue;
The children laugh and shout
There are many things to do.
But when the sky is cold and grey
I have to stay inside and play;
There aren't so many things to do,
As when the sky is bright and blue.

Robyn Thompson,
Grade 4.

Turtle

I have a little turtle,
He is so plump and round,
And once my little turtle
Fell upon the ground.

I love my little turtle,
He is so small and cute;
And once I found my turtle
In a rubber boot.

Once my little turtle
Was in a funny fix,
Because my Mother found him
In her baking mix.

Once my little turtle,
Within his hard, hard shell,
Nearly died of fright one night
When he heard a ringing bell.

Diana Brooks,
Grade 5.

The Storm

A long time ago there was a terrible storm. Trees were falling, and down the road from us there was a sea. A lot of logs were all over the road. Some people's houses were falling in, and in Beacon Hill Park just about all the trees were falling and I heard that they had to make a new pond for the ducks. Around our house there was a nest with three eggs in it. The Mother was just coming when all of a sudden her nest flew away and broke all of her eggs. I bet she was mad. It was a terrible storm.

On the radio it said that the wind was 103 miles an hour. A friend of ours was driving when all at once the roof of his car flew off and he just about landed in the hospital. He got a great lump on his head and he said it hurt very badly. The next day it was gone.

Sherry Smith, Grade 4.

The Woods

I made a mountain stream my guide,
Through a wild, pretty glen,
And wandered on its grassy side,
Far from the homes of men.

The darkness of the oaken bough —
There on the streamlet lay,
The bright stream happily below,
Checked its exulting play,

And bore a music all subdued,
And led a silvery sheen,
All through the sleeping solitude
Of that green leafy scene.

Shirley Wakeham, Grade 7.

The Squirrels

On a sunny day in February we were walking in Stanley Park. In the distance was a man feeding squirrels. He held a nut in his hand. They climbed up his leg to his shoulder and down his arm to get the nut. With the nut they jumped to the ground. They sat up on their hind legs and pecked at the nut. They scampered off with it. There were three small black squirrels and one silver squirrel and they came to the man one after another.

We went to speak to the man. He showed us how to hold the nuts standing still. Soon a squirrel came to me. It went up my leg to my shoulder and down my arm to get the nut. If you try to touch them they run away.

Elizabeth Hamersley, Grade 4, Caister.

Poor Sam

I opened my door and saw a wee man,
I asked him his name he said it was "Sam".
I asked him right in, he said; "Oh yes please".
Then all of a sudden let out a great sneeze!
Poor Sam!

He said he was hungry; I gave him some beans
And I was amazed at the change of the scene;
For Sam got so round he was like a great ball,
He filled all the doorway and rolled down the hall.
Poor Sam!

He bounced down the stairs and came to a stop,
Then all of a sudden let out a great pop!
I ran down the stairs to see what had happened —
Sam lay on the floor completely flattened.
Poor Sam!

Kathy Maddock, Grade 7.

The Beatles

They rocked the town of Liverpool
In the British Common-wealth
And if they haven't knocked you yet
You'd better brace your-self.

Those madcap hairy wigs of theirs
Are quite the thing you know
And if you haven't seen them yet
They're on the Sullivan Show.

They're rocking the towns of the U.S.A.
And driving the girls quite mad
Their famous yell "Yea, Yea, Yea,"
Is quite the latest fad.

They'll soon be coming to our land
And racket the town of Weetles
This country of ours has always been free
But will soon be ruled by the Beatles.

Cathy Brown and Heather Lawson,
Grade 7.

The Mouse

There once was a mouse
Lived in a house
And a very fine house was it,
Was it.
His name was Icecream
And, boy, did he scream!
He had a friend Herbert
Who ate all his Sherbert
And when he was cross
He got furious.

Verity Williams,
Grade 4.

My Puppy

I wish I had a puppy
To take around the block.
I'd love to play with a puppy
Till tea at four o'clock.

His ears would be all shaggy,
His eyes would be dark brown;
He'd frisk along beside me
All throughout the town.

He'd run around in circles
And follow me to school.
He'd sit outside and wait for me
While I learned the golden rule.

He'd come in, in the winter,
In summer, rain or fog.
I wish I had a puppy,
A tiny puppy dog.

Kippy Hill-Tout,
Grade 5.

Pirates

I love to read of long ago,
Of pirate ships afar,
When a sailor jumps and shouts
"Land ho!"
A sailor of the ship "Cigar!"
Rosalind Napier,
Grade 6-F.



OPPONENTS



SPECTATOR



Neighbourhood Dog



Goalie



AFTER THE GAME

The Hockey Colouring Book

See the hockey pitch,
Colour it mud.
See the goalie,
Colour her scared.
Why is she scared?
Who knows?
It is a tradition in hockey for the goalie to be scared.
See the players come onto the field
Colour them school-spirited.
See the spectators
Colour them bored.
Why are they bored?
It is a tradition in hockey for the spectators to be bored.
See the opponents
Colour them stuck-up.
See the referee
Colour her puzzled.
Pretend you are the goalie,
Shiver! It is v-v-v-very c-c-c-c-cold w-w-w-way out here.
Watch the pretty white ball whiz past
Once, twice, three times, four times, eight times, twelve times.
We are not doing so well.
Perhaps you should not have pretended to be the goalie.
It is half-time,
Where are the oranges?
What has happened to the oranges?
Who took the oranges?
The neighbourhood dog has eaten them while no one was looking.
After the game we cheer the other team.
If you are lucky you can club the person opposite you
On the noggin with your hockey stick.
However do not expect to get away with it every time.
After the game colour the goalie frozen,
The players sweaty,
And the spectators hoarse.

Chris Andreae, Grade 8P.

The Fairies

When you go and see
The fairies of the land,
They sparkle in the moonlight,
And dance along the sand.

They sparkle in the sunlight
With their bright and shiny wands.
They dance around in moonlight
And sing beside the ponds.

Wendy Smith,
Grade 5.

Springtime

Spring is my favourite season. There are always lovely things to see and to do.

When springtime comes, the squirrels run gaily out of their little houses which are usually holes in trees. A woodchuck peeps shyly out of his hole in the ground at the new world. The bear family are so happy that they all grunt and groan. But the wolves, snarling and growling, are angry to wake up. They are hungry and kill many poor little animals who do not have a chance to fight. Oh well, Mother Nature made this beautiful world and put things where she wanted them.

Pink blossoms are now appearing. They are so glad to be out. They are sweet and fragrant. The moment you pick them up, their pretty little petals fall off and lie on the ground, often sad and frost-bitten from Jack Frost who is very late this year.

“Twitter-tweet,” sing the robins with their furry red coats on to keep them dry from the dew drops.

The grass on top of the hills is a bright green. The daffodils, snow-drops, crocuses, and tulips are out, nodding their bright new heads.

The leaves are rustling, the gentle little breeze is sighing, the brook is singing, the birds are chirping, the flowers are nodding! The world is alive! Spring is here!

Barbara Johnston, Grade 6-F.

SENIOR

The Poem?

Nine fifty-five was the hour that we heard
Our fate for the night in a single word,
“A poem,” she said, as she walked out the door,
And now here I sit with but a word or two more
Than were written in earnest two hours before.

Yes, “A poem,” she said, “one funny with wit.”
A thing that is lacking, methinks, when I sit
On a hard wooden chair, in a dimly lit space
With eyes getting heavy and red in a race
To accomplish what now seems a hopeless case.

The minutes pound on — Oh my aching head!
And all that crosses my mind is — Bed!
But time is awasting and an idea I must find
To fill out these lines with a sharpness of mind
To cause one chuckle at least from our kind.

I could write one in French — n'est ce pas, s'il vous plaît,
But my vocabulary leaves me with little to say.
A poem in Latin would cause a great sensation
Especially as it would not exceed the first conjugation.
I guess I just don't have the poetic inclination!

To give up the fight seems a lazy way out,
But four hours have passed since the start of this bout,
And to say I'm a poet is in truth to have lied.
So rather than keep any dignity and pride,
I'll just guiltlessly roll into bed with, “I tried.”

E. Hassell,
Grade 12, Walsingham.

Spring on the Farm

From the distance they are simply white and grey against the green field
but to someone who knows them they are individuals. Each ewe has a name.
There are sixteen ewes. Seven have lambed; the rest have not. Four of the
eleven lambs are black. The first mother was Flicka, an all white ewe with
flicks of brown on her nose; her single was born January 2. The rest were
born fairly regularly after that, the latest being a black pair. The proud
mother was Itch, a grey sheep (not black because she is a cross breed). Her
name gives you a hint of her peculiarity. Itch will stand for hours if you
scratch her head where the horns are not; she has a terrible itch there.
Another mother is a small sheep with a very serene face. This is her second
lamb and she will not let it out of her sight for a second, a fussbudget.

But the worst of the proud mothers is Snorky. Even when she does not have a lamb she gives a snort which is enough to send you running. When she has a young lamb my only warning is . . . "lookout."

One night she would not go into the feeding barn and my only choice was to chase her or to get her to chase me. I tried the former. No luck. I tried the latter. No luck. I would have to pick up her lamb and take it in. Easier said than done. I got close to her as quickly as I could. (If you are close enough it does not hurt much when they bunt — well, not much.) She backed up a couple of steps and then charged. I was close enough, and after a few bunts from Snorky I got her lamb. It was quiet in my arms. Snorky bunted again; then she went to look for her lamb and into the barn. I followed hoping the lamb would be quiet. It was. Once in the pen, I put the lamb down and ran for the horses' stall. I made it. Both horses wanted their grain. After I had given it to them, I left hoping Snorky wouldn't charge me as I went through the sheep barn. I was lucky — this time .

Sue Mitchell, Grade 12, Wymondham.

The Longest Minute I Ever Spent

One Friday morning as the notices were given out, the school was informed that the programme for the afternoon would be impromptu speaking. A loud gasp went through the students and the teachers grinned. They love to see us suffer, wondering which ones of us were to be chosen.

At two o'clock, we led into the gym, sat on the hard benches, and waited for the ordeal to begin. The hat with the names in it was passed around to the Grade Sevens, which is usually a sure sign that none of their names will be included. The draw was made and I closed my eyes, plugged my ears, and hoped frantically that that horrid little piece of paper wouldn't bear my name.

"Joan Smith." Relief flowed through me. Safe for five minutes. However, that feeling didn't last long. As I plugged my ears again, I was conscious of being prodded in the ribs. That could only mean one thing — my name had been drawn. Curse those Grade Sevens!

I left the room but was back again within two minutes, feeling decidedly sick. I stood in front of the room and gazed upon my audience. Two hundred pairs of gleaming eyes were there, ready to devour my every word in hopes of my making a mistake or mispronouncing a word. I swallowed hard and started to talk.

"M-M-Miss Scott, members of the staff, and fellow students. . . ." At this last remark, I looked up once again and saw my dear classmates frantically waving and grinning. As they had hoped, I became flustered, my face turned scarlet, and I felt like a worm. I looked at Miss Scott and saw that I was expected to say more. Glancing down at the blotting paper on which I had hastily written notes, I discovered to my horror that they were gone. The constant fidgeting with my wet sweaty hands had rubbed them away. Panic stricken, I mumbled a few feeble sentences, and then ran, not walked, to my place, conscious of a few loyal souls clapping to preserve my ego. Flopping down on the bench and still feeling like a complete fool, I realized that what had seemed like an hour of torture, had in fact only been one minute. That may be so, but never again in my life do I wish to spend a minute like that one.

Carolyn Brown, Grade 11, Caister.

Imaginary Top Ten

1. *I'm Crawling Back to You* . . . by the Beatles
2. *I Can't Find Love* . . . by the Searchers
3. *Let's Make a Twosome* . . . by the Dave Clark Five
4. *I Exploded into Love* . . . by Freddie Cannon
5. *My New Pink Dress* . . . by the Chiffons
6. *Crying on My Pillow* . . . by the Teardrops
7. *Surfin' like a Man* . . . by the Beach Boys
8. *It Couldn't have Happened* . . . by the Miracles
9. *We Can't Grow Old* . . . by the New Christie Minstrels
10. *Kings and Queen* . . . by the Four Aces

Caister — Linda Carlson, Karen Alton, Lesley Lee, Deedee Shepherd.

Walsingham — Elizabeth Tanner, Sally Rochfort.

Grade 9-W.

Always

Why is it that things are always done again and again, ridiculous as some of them may be? Why are statements repeated in every circumstance imaginable? The answer is never considered, I am sure, except by an odd few who refuse to be cooperative. It may be noticed that at the beginning of every day there is that cheery "Good Morning". There may be rain, sleet, snow, a blizzard, or death. Then there is always afternoon, evening, and night. Moreover if the person spoken to is miserable, a recent widow, bankrupt, or has a broken arm from slipping in the tub, some phrase more appropriate like "cheerio" or "hello" would be more appreciated.

Then there is the thank you note, known for its unusual and original comments as "very nice", "just what I wanted" or "looks so nice with my new wig". Many of the letters exchanged yearly by relatives or friends could have been carbon copies from five years back. I say this because in some letters it is mentioned that the gift is lovely, they love it, will use it frequently as it looks so nice with everything, but no indication is given of what the present is. The gift could have been a gold-studded mousetrap. Sending notes back and forth is great sport. The purpose must be to confirm the arrival of the gift for I cannot see any other reason for it.

"Let me see now" means the speaker wishes to hold, feel, and examine the article seen. If one says that one saw so-and-so, the comment is "oh, how is he?" Well, you explain you only saw him and did not discuss life history.

Why is it that five nights out of seven Mother will peer into the room (deadly black) and ask innocently and meaningfully, "Is your light out, dear?"

Changing these traits would be like trying to alter life which is older than I will ever be. These statements and other common happenings will always occur for this is life and life is always (we hope).

Pat Mearns, Grade 12, Wymondham.



The Guilty Guppy-Gulper

The cat was hungry. And what else could be more inviting than a bowl of guppies? As the idea stirred in him, he realized the need for caution and automatically ceased the movement of his tail. His head warily looked around; the hall was clear. One bound and he was up on the table. Softly he padded across its surface. He knew he was travelling on forbidden territory! Silently he stopped and sat down beside the fish bowl. Regardless of his efforts, the tip of his tail thumped against the table. The fish, startled by the vibrations, swam vigorously back and forth. The eager puss settled down to pounce. Thinking better of it, he leaned over the bowl and raised his paw. There was one splash, one gulp, the appearance of a human and one guilty feline rushing for the shelter of a bed!

Ann Hertzberg, Grade 10, Walsingham.

Outward Bound

Ever since Peter could remember the large cement wall that separated him and his family from the rest of the world had been present. It had always been there and he expected that it always would be. He knew that the people who tried to reach its other side were soon shot. He remembered that it was only three weeks ago when his father had attempted to escape and hoped later he would somehow be able to help his family do the same. But he also remembered how his father had fallen backwards and lain limp on the pavement, clutching his side. His mother had screamed but she did not go to help him. This Peter could not understand.

They, the men in uniforms, had lifted Peter's father onto the back of a truck that sounded like a jeep, and had taken him away. Neither Peter, his sister, Anna, nor his mother, had seen him again. Peter realized that his mother and his sister missed him very much and he made up his mind to

do something about it. If his daddy was on the other side of the wall, he, too, must reach the other side.

Being only five, Peter was small, and compared to other boys his age, he seemed quite tiny. He waited until it was night time. He did not know exactly what time it was, because he was too young to be able to tell the time. However, he did know that when it was night, it was dark, and when it was dark it was hard to see.

Very quietly he got out of his bed, put on his shoes and opened the bedroom door. He had heard his mother and Anna go to bed a long time ago.

It was dark but the faint light left from the fire in the hearth was sufficient to guide Peter to the door. He knew it was locked; he had seen his mother carefully check the house in case of any night-time prowlers.

Slowly and very gently he turned the lock. He thought it would never unhitch. Suddenly, without warning, it clicked; the noise startled him.

He listened. There was no noise, except the glowing coals in the fireplace splitting apart as a small log slipped from its position.

Peter opened the door very carefully. Sometimes it squeaked, but it must not squeak now. He peered through the crack; no one was there. He carefully slid through the opening and closed the door behind him. He then darted into the shadows across the street, making certain that he stayed well concealed in the darkness. He had walked three blocks down and had but one more to go. This last block was abandoned. No one lived here and the buildings had begun to be torn down. Stacks of lumber aided in Peter's venturing closer to the guards.

He heard a truck coming. It stopped and the two guards walked over to it. They talked to the driver for a couple of minutes and then all three went around to see whatever was in the back of the truck.

Now was Peter's chance. While the guards were busy he would sneak past without them seeing him. He stepped forward cautiously, hoping that the guards would remain where they were and keep their attention on whatever they were doing. He continued on but not much further. He had not seen the big German Shepherd dog that was chained to the gate post. It snarled and growled viciously.

The two guards jumped down from the truck. One of them had a large gun and quickly loaded it. Peter gulped. He wondered if they would shoot him. He instinctively started to run but the other guard was too fast for him. He grabbed little Peter around the waist and took him back to the truck.

Peter was scared, very scared. What would they do to him? He thought they might find out where he lived and shoot his mother and sister. He must lie to them.

"What is your name?" asked one guard.

"Where are you going?" asked the other.

Peter answered in a loud, determined voice, "I won't tell you."

A muffled voice came from the truck. Was Peter hearing things? No, it sounded familiar.

Calling again, the weak voice seemed to be crying, "Peter, my son, Peter."

The guard put Peter down and let him go to the truck. He looked in it. There was a person lying on a bed. Who was it?

"Peter, my son," the voice continued. Peter was now sure who it was. He climbed up and ran to the bed.

"Daddy," he screamed. "Daddy, I thought you were in jail. So did Mummy and Anna. I was looking for you."

“No, son,” said Peter’s father, “I have been in a hospital, and I was not able to write or phone. But now I will be with you all for a long time.”

He turned to the driver, “May we go home now?” he asked.

“Yes,” replied the driver, “if it is all right with these two guards. May we continue?” he asked them.

Under the circumstances, the guards were overcome and said that it would be permissible to go on.

They reached home a few minutes later and Peter flew ahead of his father and the man who had driven them.

“Mummy! Mummy!” he cried, running into her room.

“What is it, Peter?” she asked, terrified that the house had been broken into.

“Daddy, Daddy is home!”

Peter did not need to say any more. His mother ran out of the bedroom and into her husband’s arms.

With the noise, Anna had also been awakened. She came out of her room rubbing her eyes. “Daddy!” she screamed, and flew to his side.

The truck driver explained that the two children’s father must rest until his wound healed and stay in bed for two weeks. He should also see a doctor every three days.

They thanked him and all stood at the doorstep waving goodbye. They turned and closed the door behind them.

“Well, Peter,” said his father, “I don’t think that either of us will attempt to be outward bound again for some time.”

Toni Kirkpatrick, Grade 11, Wymondham.

Le courage de Roland

Roland, le neveu de Charlemagne, est un bon exemple de courage; dans la Chanson de Roland il nous a montré sa force quand il a commandé l’arrière-garde de l’armée. Ah! Quel courage il avait! Quelle fierté!

Roland, sa bonne épée Durandal et son vaillant cheval Veillantif, ont bien travaillé ensemble.

Ensemble, ils ont frappé et ont tué maints païens. Maint païen a essayé de frapper Roland mais il était plus vif qu’eux et plus vigoureux aussi.

Roland était jeune, beau et bon, pourtant il n’a pas eu peur de mourir car il a aimé son pays. Il était le dernier des soldats français à mourir. Après cinq ou six batailles, il a perdu toutes ses forces et sa cotte de mailles était déchirée. Il s’est couché sur la terre pour mourir car il a pu sentir venir le paradis. Enfin les anges ont porté son âme au paradis et ainsi Roland meurt. Son courage toujours sera chanté dans cette chanson de geste: La Chanson de Roland. Neuf siècles ont déjà passé nous rappelant sans cesse la valeur de ce héros.

Jennifer Spicer, Grade 11.

Kennedy As We Will Remember Him

The youngest man ever to hold this office, they say, and there he is. Yes, he is young: there is no grey in his hair, he has a youthful step, a gay twinkle in his eye and a warm smile. But there is strength in his handshake and a determination around his mouth and chin. Here is a man who will get things done. It has been said he has many enemies of his political stand and his liberal ideas but all cannot help liking him and admiring him as a man. He loves the press and they regard him highly. He stands firmly in his opinions; he is no fence-sitter. During his term of office he has done more to lift American prestige than any other man in history. With grace and candor he has captured the hearts of enemies and skeptics. His speeches will go down in history beside the Gettysburg Address. "Ask not what your country can do for you but what you can do for your country!" he admonished the indifferent American nation. With these words he lit the fires of patriotism which had gone out in the wake of post-war prestige and prosperity. "This nation must move forward!" he exclaimed to millions of self-satisfied Americans. This *is* John Fitzgerald Kennedy. He is not dead as long as his memory lives, just as Lincoln is not dead, as Washington is not dead, and as Jefferson is not dead. His body lies at the Arlington Cemetery but he is alive in many hearts and in many memories and his vitality and exuberance remain in every corner of the world to remind us that Freedom must be worked at and must be kept alive at all costs.

Sue Alexander, Grade 12, Walsingham.

Adios, Mejico!

One of the most pleasant advantages of living in a large family is that one can, when one feels the inclination, stand off from it as a little island and watch with amusement the utter confusion of people, personalities, habits and faults that, somehow, miraculously, holds it in a conglomerate whole. My father, in particular, has for the past few years provided a most interesting object of speculative character analysis and thus it was with no surprise that I heard the news of his intended trip to Mexico. Perhaps it is only fair for those who immediately thought him mad, to point out the reasons for their entirely correct judgment. There were nine children — and one wife; the trip was to be made by car, not a notable fact in itself, except that my father loathes driving and the car concerned is a 1951 Dodge taxi, long and black like a hearse, with four tempermental tires (no spares), a six-cylinder engine badly in need of overhauling, and a mysterious knock around the dashboard that exasperation seems to have made worse. Furthermore, this was to be a camping expedition, no doubt, as my father hoped, something in the grand style of David Livingstone or Marco Polo Camping! Conjure up in the mind a scene of "American north-west" winter weather: rain, cold and relentless, wind, straight from the north, stinging, bitter snow and brown-grey slush in the interior, and dirty clouds, lumbering in endless procession across a baleful, gloomy winter sky. The description may be poetic, but the weather remains foul.

Perhaps the same adjective might be used to describe my father's idea of complete camping gear, which in his mind consists of an enormous box of provisions into which is hastily thrown as the car moves off, some cutlery, a tent, patched and leaky in several places, a multitude of pillows, thrown in with another multitude of blankets in a flurry of feathers into the back of the car, the Coleman stove, and George Bernard Shaw's "Plays Pleasant". Thus equipped, the Bowles family (minus Margaret — a hard-won battle, that) under the ominous grey of Victoria's "banana-belt" sky, dragged off at 4:59 a.m. to catch the 5:00 a.m. government ferry (which government my father ingenuously cheated by having the smaller children hide under bed-blankets on the floor, and lowering the ages of the others two years respectively).

The seventeen-hundred mile trip down was highlighted with only four mishaps (an all-time low), two of them being blowouts, one an inability to pitch the tent on the first night due to the lack of tent-pegs, and another, an act of God, which necessitated driving through two feet of water at Medford, Oregon.

The journey back, however, was, as my brother aptly put it, "one big mishap". After a necessary period of recuperation at Guaymas, Mexico, during which my father's money disappeared at an alarming rate, possessions and people were again bundled erratically into the mud-spattered, dust-cloaked Dodge, which roared off to Pena Blanca, where began a nightmare of cold, hunger, and insomnia. Where was the bright sun of Mexico now? Circled shivering around a smoking, feeble fire, all drank hot, weak cocoa copiously and pretended to be happy. Through the acrid smoke that kept watering her eyes, my mother smiled thinly at my father, who, of all the company, was enjoying himself most.

Spirits brightened however, when the patriarch announced his decision to pass through Salton-Sea. Memories of the warmth and sun there on the voyage down cast an excitement of expectation over the party, which was rudely shattered by the driving wind and rain that met them. My mother and my sister settled in a mind of primaeval gloom, spoke only when necessary, and performed the actions of cooking and washing in a peculiarly mechanical manner. Finally, even my father cracked when a sudden cold snap in Southern Oregon had him pitching camp in 10° above. Why the younger children did not die of exposure remains an unsolved mystery to this day. (My father naturally insists it is his hardy British blood).

With this weather, tacit agreement was made to race for Seattle, and cooking was done on the Coleman in the centre of the car floor, with the children taking turns to hold the pot of my father's notoriously unpalatable soup on the stove. Dire threats and curses were hurled at the poor unfortunate who pleaded a call of nature; sleeping was done in cramped, upright positions, and washing was avoided at all costs to keep warm. Dirty, unkempt, disorganized, tired and hungry, but still intact, the family bumped into the old driveway, and it is with this memory in mind that I hear with some amazement my father praise the journey as successful, informative, educational, etc. (with the same pedantry that influences my own writing) for I have not yet discovered the reason that causes him always to remember the good points and forget the bad.

M. Bowles, Grade 12, Walsingham.

Boswell

Everyday while I am walking
My dog along the street,
I somehow get to talking
To the strangers that I meet.

“What is it?” they ask
With questioning sighs.
“— and why, may I ask
has he got no eyes?”

“Well it’s this way,” is my answer,
“He’s a dog, and he *has* got eyes”.
And at this they accuse me
Of telling them lies.

“If he really has got eyes
You’ll have to show me where.”
And then I have to tell them that
They’re underneath his hair.

They then tell me he’s a mongrel,
Which really maddens me;
For although he doesn’t look so,
He has a pedigree.

Kathleen Henderson,
Grade 10, Walsingham.

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Christabel (an end)

(with apologies to Samuel Taylor Coleridge)

The plot it thickens swift and fast,
So onward, onward to the last.
Bard Bracy on his valiant steed
Must prove the falseness of this deed.
Past the mastiff he rides,
Past the house where it abides,
Out into the passive night,
Under sky so starry bright;
Without a thought for stop or rest,
Through the forest, in silver dressed;
To seek the meaning of his dream
At de Vaux's, and here to glean
The information heeded so,
By all who sought it, friend and foe.
Time seems to stop when wanted not,
To pass us by when needed a lot,
And so it seemed to the figures three,
Who huddled, waiting patiently,
For Bracy's return the following night
With the news that decided Geraldine's plight.

Roland de Vaux and Bracy the Bard,
Drew up at the draw-bridge so battle-scarred,
And waited the raising of the gate
And the telling of the castle's fate.
On hearing the news brought by the bard,
Straight for his friends he had ridden hard,
To tell him the truth that must be told,
Of what had happened that day of old.
Two friends greeting each other across seas
Of words remembered and bitter memories.
Each reaches out a hand and together,
They cross that final bridge that never
Might have been crossed if fate had not intervened
But so runs life betwixt and between
Our troubles and sorrows,
Bringing us closer on the morrows.

The day that your spouse gave birth to this child,
I remember well, was dark and wild.
A shadow o'er her bedroom lay,
For her child, she knew the price she must pay.
Lady Leoline, my dear friend,
Showed her courage to the end.
She had had a dream and was troubled much,
She sent for me and told me such.
My friend, she wished to grieve you not,
I promised never to tell this lot,

Until such time as I saw fit,
 And this, I think, is finally it.
 That night as she gave birth to your child,
 Fair Christabel, here, so young and mild,
 A spell was cast on the babe new-born,
 By the witch who inhabits your house forelorn;
 That just as the girl had reached her prime,
 Was ready to choose a husband for all time,
 She would meet up with this witch in the wood,
 And offer her help from the place where she stood.
 From then on the spell would be cast:
 Christabel bad, and the witch forgetting her past
 To become pure, gentle and mild,
 At the expense of this innocent child;
 The spell, to be broken only by me,
 With the telling of this strange story.
 And so my friend the facts are told;
 Let us be friends as of old.
 Let Bard Bracy marry sweet Christabel,
 Of this story, no more to tell.
 Of a sudden, there is a deathly still
 Broken by the mastiff's bark so shrill,
 The four friends stand out against the fading light,
 As Geraldine vanishes into the dark of the night.

Sue Stephen, Grade 11, Walsingham.

Things Mum Says

1. Glancing through a mail order catalogue, Mother said:
 "I'd never buy shoes through the post. Shoes are like hats — you need to try them on your head to see if they fit."
2. Trying on her new hat at home, Mum turned to us and said:
 "Now are you sure I don't look like a chicken dressed as a lamb?"
3. When we were out walking a jet flew overhead. Of course we did not hear it until a few seconds after it had passed, "Because," Mum explained, "sound travels faster than noise."
4. I overheard Mum giving these instructions to another member of the family: "Just pile all the rubbish there. And when the dustman comes I'll put my head out and tell him to take it."
5. When dinner was finished Mum turned to my brother and said:
 "I'll clear the table if you'll get into the sink."
6. Mother promised to bring me back something special from the shops, but when I asked her if she had got it she said: "They didn't have any, and I didn't like the look of them anyhow."
7. Mum and Dad were stuck in a traffic jam while going to the theatre. Afraid she would be late, Mum said: "Shall I get out and take a taxi?"
8. Mother came in out of a strong wind and putting her hand to her hair said: "Phew! I feel like a bush blown backwards."

Anonymous.

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Vancouver Weather

One hundred and seven rather unusual human figures, clothed in thick tweeds, heavy stockings, and abundant scarves boarded B.C. Hydro buses at Norfolk House one chilly morning last November. The Lower Vancouver Island Ladies' Field Hockey Association was on its way to view a thrilling series of grass hockey matches in that wicked centre of illicit trade — Vancouver. Field hockey emblems pinned crudely to their jackets, cold lunches in their hands, and the odd, very odd umbrella tucked under an arm; men, women, and children embarked on their exciting excursion!

On the voyage across the channel members of the party pulled out their cold meat pies, bread and jam, and the inevitable thermos of hot tea. Upon arriving at the mainland the entire body was greeted with the most unearthly and unbelievable cloudburst! This hearty group of innocent Victorians seemed to have misjudged this phenomenon of nature — for as they neared the playing field the heavy, continuous rain did not cease as had been expected by all. These unsuspecting Victorians had in mind, no doubt, that annual hockey classic — The Bridgman Cup, when the rain, although it appears spasmodically always stops long enough for short drying-off periods.

However, the four international teams, still plucky and smiling — (aren't all hockey teams plucky and smiling?) rain-soaked and shivering, walked nobly onto the pitch to the tune of rather soggy bag-pipes. Their hair clinging to their foreheads, their tunics drenched, and their eye glasses completely fogged up, these enthusiastic girls played regardless — through the rain, cold and discomfort — at least so I am told.

Being a rather naïve native Victorian, with extraordinary patriotism for my alma mater I had worn, with great pride, my school blazer, and had found refuge from the rain in the window-clouded buses. Unfortunately the hockey couldn't be seen from this vantage point; however, I did have a rather jolly bath even if I missed the games. My advice to all those planning such an excursion is quite definitely wear even more woollens, carry along a large umbrella, and for the greatest imaginable comfort — an extra thermos of tea.

Trish Dunn, Grade 12, Caister.

The Serpent's Tooth

When Charles Garfield went out to act as assistant manager of a huge rubber plantation in Malaya, he was young, enthusiastic and personable.

Twenty years later, domestic worries, bouts of malaria and the frustration and nervous strain of working under a despotic and ruthless manager had reduced him to an ill-natured, hard-bitten, prematurely old man. Dogged work never seemed to pay off in either a hint of recommendation from the home office or even an errand willingly done by one of the blacks.

The retirement of Garfield's hated superior, Douglas Parns, had restored a little of his youthful optimism. Now, after twenty years of faithful service,

the promotion to manager seemed assured. Now he'd take over where Parns left off — Parns, "The Great White Father" they all had called him.

No sooner had this bane been removed than the Company sent out handsome, witty, suave and brilliant young Pierre La Febere as the new manager. Immediately the polished Frenchman was popular with the staff in the clubhouse, and adored by even the natives who worked on the plantation. Pierre's hobby was snakes. He collected them, and from Burma had brought a pet cobra with which he did an act, making him the life of every party. He was charming to Charles, deferential and considerate, but everything about the young Frenchman antagonized and thwarted Charles. When Pierre confided in Charles that he had been working for years on an invention to produce a new material from an amalgam of rubber and synthetics, Charles feigned interest, but was livid to think of the fortune which this invention might bring his hated rival.

His mind clouded by jealousy and the barbiturates he took for his malaria, Charles plotted to rid himself of his rival and steal the formulae from Pierre's desk.

Charles' wife, Deborah, unknowingly played into his hands when she decided to give a New Year's party for all the Company employees, and begged Pierre to perform his snake act to entertain her guests. Charles grasped the opportunity afforded to him.

He instructed Waddi, his bearer, to creep to Pierre's bungalow by night and substitute for Pogo, the pet reptile, a venomous cobra. He paid the man generously with silence money.

Late that night, when Waddi had returned to his shack, Charles was tormented with doubts. Once, years ago, he struck Waddi. The native might not have forgotten. He might betray his trust despite the bribes. Half-crazed by fear and pain, Charles stole out, through the natives' grass huts to Waddi's shack, with a dagger under his coat, determined to dispatch the unfortunate footboy.

As he lunged through the reed-screened entrance, dazed and suffering from vertigo, he stumbled over something — a basket — the lid of which fell off, releasing its slithering occupant. Guffawing hysterically, Charles kicked the hissing serpent. Waddi had tricked him. It wasn't Pogo. As the cobra reared to strike, a torch beam cut the blackness and Pierre's voice shouted, "Look out you fool!"

A shot rang out and the cobra lay writhing in death in a pool of light on the dirt floor. "You've killed your precious Pogo, my charming friend!" cried Charles in mad hysterical joy.

"Not so fast, Charles." Pierre turned his torch to reveal the grinning face of Waddi, draped proudly in the shining coils of a cobra, whose glittering eyes flicked shafts of fire.

Cecilie Shaw, Grade 12, Walsingham.

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Susan Alexander (house captain)
Peggy Angus

WYMONDHAM

Sue Brown, Julia Stenner
Robin Abbiss (house captain)
Martha Tye

CAISTER

Elizabeth Drake, Elissa McMurtrie
Sheila Gann (house captain)
Elizabeth Grant

Walsingham House Report

At the first meeting of Walsingham House in September, the following executive was elected:

Captain	Susan Alexander
Vice-Captain	Gina Bigelow
Secretary	Kathleen Henderson
Junior Captain	Peggy Angus

Walsingham House has had, so far this year, very good results, leading consistently in total house points for academic honours and athletic achievement and we are looking forward to a very successful Sports Day.

Outstanding merit winners this years are:

Grade 12	Margaret Bowles
Grade 11	Wendy Watkins
Grade 10	Susan Willis
Grade 9	Elizabeth Tanner
Grade 8	Mary Bigelow
Grade 7	Lindy Bapty
Grade 6	Roslyn Napier
Grade 5	Mary Ann Bentley
Grade 4	Alison Gareau
Grade 3	Debbie Neal
Grade 2	Margaret Ransford
Grade 1	Lynne Dixon

The Junior House hockey team played hard in the Christmas term although they lost both their games against Wymondham and Caister and they are to be congratulated for their efforts. The Senior House hockey team was more successful, winning their match against Wymondham in February and tying Caister earlier in November, although losing the rematch in March, 1-0 in a very hard-fought and exciting game.

A great many members of Walsingham signed up for the Badminton Tournament in the Easter term and they had marked success in all their matches both in the singles and doubles for which they are to be congratulated.

Our senior and junior basketball teams won their share of games in a series of really excellent House matches and both teams showed much enthusiasm and house spirit and should be commended for the boundless energy and cooperation they exhibited.

The two debates in which Walsingham has participated this year have both been excellent. In February, Brigid Lawson and Margo Heisterman won against Caister in a dispute concerning dictatorial government; and in April, Gina Bigelow and Susan Stephen gave an extremely clever and humorous argument against Wymondham on the effect of the Beatles on the youth of the world. Although they lost, we hope that this trend to a more entertaining form of debating will be continued in the future.

The track and tennis season has started for the summer term and there are many members of Walsingham who have great ability in these facets of the sports life at Norfolk House and we hope their efforts will be recognized with success later in the term.

We are all very proud of all the members of our House who have contributed to our success in so many fields and thank everyone for the enthusiasm and cooperation which has been a prominent trait all year.

Sue Alexander.

Wymondham House Report

The Wymondham officers were elected at the first meeting of the House as follows:

Captain	Robin Abbiss
Vice-Captain	Julia Stenner
Secretary	Susan Browne
Junior Captain	Martha Tye

Through the 1963-64 school year, Wymondham has played a lively part in all the School activities. Both the junior and senior divisions of the House have contributed academically to House points for Wymondham, but in particular I should like to thank in Grade 3, Carla Wilson; Grade 4, Alison Henry; Grade 9, Penny Shaw; Grade 10, Gail McKenzie.

Wymondham has contributed enthusiastically and wholeheartedly in all sports although not ending up with any firsts. The senior hockey team, although not winning either match against Walsingham or Caister fought very hard, and both games were very exciting. The junior hockey team had greater success, winning their first match against Walsingham, but losing to Caister in an extremely thrilling and keenly contested second match.

Turning to basketball, Wymondham did not fare so well as we had hoped, in spite of the excellent potential shown by the juniors.

The morale of Wymondham House was lifted by our obtaining second place in the badminton tournament.

The appreciation of the House goes to all the hard-playing participants and the cheering support of the large number of spectators.

Wymondham scored spectacular success in the literary field by so far winning all its debates, and we are hoping for similar success in the final one.

In closing, our hopes for Sports Day are running high, as we feel we have an excellent chance for doing well.

I have appreciated in every way the honour and privilege of being captain of Wymondham, and I wish continued success to you all in the years to come.

Caister House Report

The number of House points, which have amounted to 1300 this year, gives a clear indication of how everyone has been pulling her share of the load, but special mention is due to the following girls:

Grade 12	Tricia Dunn, Margaret Bricknell
Grade 11	Elizabeth Drake
Grade 10	Penny Davis, Margo Wade
Grade 9	Pat Zeamer, Alison Grant
Grade 8	Elizabeth Grant
Grade 7	Caroline Penn
Grade 6	Anne Edwards, Susan Johnston
Grade 5	Kippy Hill-Tout
Grade 4	Moir Pittam, Cindy Cox
Grade 3	Judith Snider, Catherine Arnold
Grade 2	Randy Hill-Tout, Mary Empey
Grade 1	Guy Drake

Inter-house games, which this year have included junior basketball, as well as senior basketball, and junior and senior hockey, have been very successful for Caister as we were lucky to win all our matches except one tied hockey match with Walsingham. However, a playoff game was held which we narrowly won by one goal.

In badminton we had a great number of entries which was good to see, but we still came last in both the singles and doubles tournaments.

Debates too have been a stumbling block as each of them has been lost despite the time and effort that I know every debater has contributed.

This has proved a successful year for Caister and perhaps our mascot whom we have named "Caisey" has something to do with it. In addition to inter-house events, we have gained information about Caister-on-Sea, including a map from which we have derived a motto, "Caister men never turn back."

Finally I should like to thank all the members of this House, especially the new members, for their active participation and I hope that next year will be as successful for them all.

The officers for the House this year have been as follows:

Captain	Sheila Gann
Vice-Captain	Elizabeth Drake
Secretary	Elissa McMurtrie
Junior Captain	Elizabeth Grant



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School Drama Club

At the first meeting of the Drama Club, the following officers were elected:

President	Penny Sparks
Vice-President	Joan Thomas
Secretary	Sally Ball
Treasurer	Mary Aust

The first production of the year, entitled *The Jester*, was put on before the School in early January. The principal actresses in this pantomime were Bridget Lawson as the Jester, Judy Poole as the Princess, and Susan Barr and Etelka Murdoch as the two old wise men who were responsible for all the talking. The performers are now in the process of perfecting the play for a performance before the parents.

After only two months of laborious preparation by the actresses, director, and the irreplaceable stage crew, the play, *Michael* was entered in the Victoria Schools' Drama Festival. Penny Sparks, Gina Bigelow, Joan Thomas, Cecilie Shaw, Sally Ball, Cindy Cox and Dawn Lewis were the members of the cast. We are pleased to note that Gina attained third place among the senior actresses and by virtue of the first and second place actresses turning down the scholarship offered, won a scholarship to the Banff School of Fine Arts. Even though we did not achieve Honour Performance standings, much was gained from the staging of the play.

Altogether, the year was one which can only be termed as extremely successful. All members of the club wish to extend their gratitude to Mrs. Fairweather for the many laborious and patient hours she spent directing the play, to Mrs. Wilson for her wonderful job as stage manager, and to Mrs. Perrott for her job as costume designer.

Social Service Club

The first meeting of the Social Service Club was held in a programme period with a full attendance of Grades 1 to 12. The following executive were elected:

President	Penny Sparks
Vice-President	Kirsty Gladwell
Secretary	Elaine Hassell
Treasurer	Theodora Booker

This year our first project was that of collecting food for the Free Food Stall. The response to the Club's appeal was wonderful, for when the baskets left the School, they were brimming with contributions from the members of the School.

The Club planned to adopt a child but after much thought and discussion, decided that they were not yet financially in a position to do so.

Candy sales have been a main source of income for the Social Service Club and these are intended to carry on throughout the rest of the school year.

Lilia Tereschio, a Polish girl, whom the Club has helped during the past is no longer dependent upon our assistance, but like most people, still enjoys receiving letters from the School.

This year has been comparatively inactive for most members of the School but the Club has still managed to make many lives happier. Thank you each and every one for your generosity and cooperation throughout the Social Service Club year.

United Nations Club

Our United Nations Club officers for 1963-64 were elected in mid-September as follows:

President	Elaine Hassell
Vice-President	Julie Stenner
Secretary-Treasurer	Penny Davis

In February, a social tea was held at Jane Bower's home to discuss four members' trips to the Model Assembly held in Vancouver. These delegates, Margaret Bowles, Cecilie Shaw, Elissa McMurtrie, and Anne Watt were sent by the Club to this annual conference which is based on the actual United Nations Assembly.

To help replenish our funds, the United Nations Club combined with the Social Service Club in mid-April to stage a talent show, accompanied by a candy sale in the intermission.

There was an attempt to hold discussion sessions at regular bi-weekly meetings, but unfortunately, these were unsuccessful. Altogether, the year was a fairly uneventful one for the Norfolk House School United Nations Club.

The Social Service - U.N. Talent Show

On the afternoon of April 22 the gym was once again filled with students and a scattering of parents to witness another Norfolk House Talent Show. Admission was charged for the benefit of both the United Nations and Social Service clubs, and when all were seated the show began under the direction of Master of Ceremonies, Heather Atkinson. Acts of all kinds filled the ninety-minute movement on the stage, backed by the dimly lit setting of a coffee house. Talent of all ages included: The Grade 11 trio of Gina Bigelow, Mary Aust and Jennifer Spicer, singing popular folk songs; piano pieces by Pat Zeamer, Pat Mearns and Hilary Groos, both classical and popular; Frances Theriot singing with piano accompanist Janet Andreae; a piano duet by the Denford sisters, Laurie and Valerie; songs by Robin Spicer and Irene Boese; a Tahitian dance by Jose MacDougall; a skit by the Grade 9W; miming of staff members by the Grade 11s; a song and dance entry by Grade 12; and the never-to-be-forgotten entry by the staff entitled "Seen in Passing". Although ninety minutes were filled, the time flew by, leaving, not only in the minds of the spectators but also in the minds of the performers and organizers, the memory of a most enjoyable afternoon.

The U.N. Summer Seminar at U.B.C.

The theme of the 1963 U.N. Seminar was *Latin America at the Cross Roads*. This provided a very stimulating array of lectures from various authoritative people. These men spoke on many subjects: *Canada's Relations with Latin America*, *Problems of Latin America*, *History of Brazil*, *Principles Underlying the Development Program*, *U.N. Projects in Latin America*. We also were shown films and one or two documentaries on Latin America which left a firm imprint in our minds as to the great difference between the poverty and the luxury there.

The days were organized so that we had time for lectures and discussions as well as free time to roam around the immense campus and take trips which provided a pleasant break. One of our expeditions was to Chinatown where we had dinner, listened to a lecture in a hot, low-ceilinged, smoke-filled room for an hour then, much to everyone's astonishment, dashed outside and sang at the top of our lungs as we did the bunny-hop down the main street . . . all one hundred of us!

The seminar was certainly a success. I recommend attending one if you ever get the chance.



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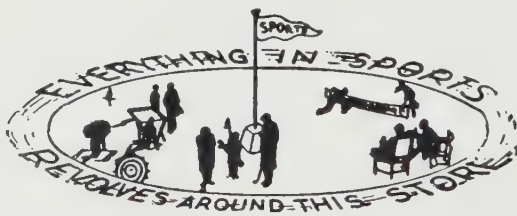
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Front Row, left to right: Catharine Colclough, Julia Stenner, Heather Atkinson, Nancy Lundy (head), Sue Willis, Wendy Watkins, Christine Lundy.

Library Report

The Library is now in its fifth year of operation and is progressing very successfully. There are fifteen librarians, headed by Nancy Lundy. Each and every one of them has done a good job but only through the help of Mrs. Gore-Langton.

The Mothers' Auxiliary again was very generous with the proceeds from the book stall at the bazaar and donated thirty-four dollars. New junior and senior fiction and non-fiction books have been purchased with the donation. To everyone who has given their time, books, and money, we offer sincere thanks.

School Bazaar 1963

It was on November 2, 1963, that one of the most important events in the school year took place, namely, the School Bazaar. Sponsored by the Norfolk House Auxiliary, as a fund-raising project, it far exceeded the standard set by them; it realized \$3,300, a greater amount than ever raised before.

A beautiful sunny day encouraged a very strong support by parents and girls alike. The raffle of two tickets for the Grey Cup and accommodation for two at the Georgia Hotel was very popular. Other raffles, and stalls selling books, homecooking, novelties, white elephant things, and many other things encouraged people to spend their money — with profit to the School. The Norfolk House Auxiliary, Brownies, and girls all deserve much commendation for the support they gave, and all people attending enjoyed themselves thoroughly whether they spent a great deal or not. Once more, our School's most heartfelt thanks to our parents who helped make this a most worthwhile project.

Carol Service

This year's Carol Service took place on December 18, 1963. Our school choirs, for the third consecutive year, were very capably conducted by Miss Percy. The Nativity Pageant was acted under the equally able direction of Mrs. Fairweather. The service commenced with the singing of "O Come All Ye Faithful" by the whole school, after which various classes presented French and German carols. The Pageant, enacted by some Juniors followed, with the voices of the intermediate choir providing an inspiring background. The School would like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Percy and Mrs. Fairweather for their untiring efforts enabling us to present this concert.

The Kindergarten Choir

Among Miss Percy's entries for the Greater Victoria Music Festival this year was a number by a very junior choir from Saint Paul's School. On the appointed day, as Miss Percy was herding her little charges onto the dais she was vaguely aware that she did not recognize some of her young singers. However, since one little five-year-old face is very much like another she paid no heed until she was confronted with a little boy whom she definitely did not know. She felt compelled to ask who he was and was somewhat dismayed to hear from the boy beside him that he was not a member of the choir, but had come along, so to speak, for the ride. It seemed that the choir had turned the performance into a species of midget hootenanny and had extended cordial invitations to all their friends to come and sing in the festival. However, the show had to go on. Miss Percy gave the signal to begin. The choir proper was allowed to sing the first verse unhampered, but when it came time for the chorus the recruits were determined to join in. They apparently knew two words of the chorus, did not mind singing them; in fact nothing on earth was going to stop them singing those two words. As a result of this the general rendition of "brown bread" gained in vehemence what it lacked in harmony. The judging of the song was not too favourable although the young songsters garnered a very amused and sympathetic audience during their performance.

Norfolk House Choirs 1963

This year, again under the leadership of Miss Percy, we have had two very active choirs, the Senior and Junior Choirs. Both choirs entered the Victoria Choir Festival and did very well. The Senior Choir placed first and the Junior Choir placed second. Good cooperation between Miss Percy and the girls was evident throughout the year. The Senior Choir went to the Honor Performance at Central Junior High School and sang exceedingly well. On April 27 the Senior Choir went to Vancouver and there, likewise, sang very well and placed first. On May 3 the Senior Choir sang at the Parents' Auxiliary. Miss Percy would like to thank the girls for all their cooperation and the girls thank Miss Percy for her very fine leadership.

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Frances Hubbard, 2915 Harriet Rd.
Kathryn Knowles, 1545 Richmond
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Sandra Murray, 2820 Heron Ave.
Sarah Nation, 2664 Orchard Ave.
Sara Neely, 560 Beach Dr.
Margaret Ransford, 3422 Mayfair Dr.
Madelyn Todd, 2796 Dover Rd.
Catharine Whyte, 3395 Cadboro Bay
Road.

Grade 3

Catherine Arnold, 2026 Penzance Rd.
Cynthia Brooks, 1307 Transit Rd.
Laura Denford, 163 Goward Rd.
Judith Ellis, 2031 Runnymede Ave.
Wendy Huggard, 1173 Highrock Pl.
Heather McIlree, 736 Island Rd.
Debbie Neal, 2014 Crescent Rd.
Diane O'Malia, 306 View Royal Ave.
Judith Snider, 3343 Henderson Rd.
Marina Tuthill, 736 Laurentian Pl.
Pamela Welch, 1 Briar Pl.
Carla Wilson, 540 Beach Dr.

Grade 4

Deborah Bedford, 3749 Waring Pl.
Cindy Cox, 2680 Macdonald Dr.
Valerie Denford, 163 Goward Rd.
Heather Dunbar, 2431 Currie Rd.

Jo Anne Edgington, 331 Atkins Rd.
Alison Gareau, 1234 Beach Dr.
Ann Gladwell, 2830 Murray Dr.
Hilary Groos, 1003 Newport Ave.
Elizabeth Hamersley, 754 Mount Joy
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Moir Pittam, 3570 Beach Dr.
Paula Root, 2740 Wale Rd.
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Nicola Young, 835 Pemberton Rd.

Grade 5

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Jennifer Angus, 3215 Ripon Rd.
Carmen Apted, Glen Lake P.O.
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Kippy Hill-Tout, 2724 Burdick Ave.
Jane Lawrie, 100 Wellington Ave.
Daphne Longridge, 1220 Transit Rd.
Jane McKinnon, 3126 Rutledge St.
Lynn Murray, 2820 Heron St.
Clodagh O'Grady, 2450 Windsor Rd.
Kristine Robinson, 1416 Fairfield Rd.
Susan Rowe, 4323 Gordon Head Rd.
Wendy Smith, 1452 Fairfield Rd.
Robin Spicer, 1900 Ferndale Rd.
Frances Thieriot, 3013 McAnally Rd.
Jean Whitby, 3016 Admirals Rd.
Kathleen Wrixon, 2250 Arbutus Rd.

Grade 6F

Elizabeth Argall, Lombard Dr.,
R.R. 1.
Judith Armstrong, 1820 Richardson
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Elizabeth Courtnall, 1079 Deal St.
 Anne Edwards, 2264 Windsor Rd.
 Susan Elworthy, 3340 Ripon Rd.
 Devon Featherstone, 2475 Cotswold Road.
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 Andrea Nelles, 1999 Lansdowne Rd.
 Susan North, 4585 Sumner Pl.
 Elizabeth Parrott, 813 Island Rd.
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Jillian Boyd, 644 Beach Dr.
 Mary Colquhoun, 2470 Beach Dr.
 Robin Dunbar, 2431 Currie Rd.
 Deborah George, 1229 St. Patrick Street.
 Kathleen Gibson, 659 Radcliffe Lane
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 Maxine Machan, 1770 Gonzales Ave.
 Monica Maddock, 4031 Palmetto Pl.
 Tibbie Mason-Hurley, 2131 Central Avenue.
 Etelka Murdoch, 3280 Uplands Rd.

Deborah Nation, 2664 Orchard Ave.
 Helen Ohrt, 2056 Granite St.
 Caroline Penn, 4045 Rainbow Rd.
 Sharon Stapells, 3680 Crestview Rd.
 Frances Teagle, 2566 Bowker Ave.
 Debbie Todd, 1586 York Pl.
 Shirley-Ann Wakeham, 3755 Crestview Road.

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 Patty Atkinson, 10651 Blue Heron Rd., Sidney, B.C.
 Mary Bigelow, 887 Runnymede Ave.
 Irene Boese, 1867 Oak Bay Ave.
 Deborah Brooks, 1307 Transit Rd.
 Cynthia Burger, 1906 South 107th,
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 Angela Cooke, 2095 Mayne Ave.
 Sharon Cropp, 564 St. Patrick St.
 Marilyn Duff, 151 Beach Dr.
 Judith Fowler, 3817 Duke Rd.
 Anne Gaddes, 4150 Cedar Hill Rd.
 Elizabeth Grant, 1307 Rockland Ave.
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Peggie Angus, 3215 Ripon Rd.
 Jane Dyer, 668 Beach Dr.
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 Vicki Lennox, 2004 Runnymede Ave.
 Alison McKean, 1072 Newport Ave.
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 Susan Barr, 1647 Monterey Ave.
 Moira Boulton, Journey's End,
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